VICE VERSA

A PLAY

F. ANSTEY

NEW METHOD
SUPPLEMENTARY READER

STAGE 5

VICE VERSA

VICE VERSA

By

F. ANSTEY

Simplified by

MICHAEL WEST, M.A., D.PHIL.

and brought within the vocabulary of
New Method Reader 5

With Illustrations

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VICE VERSA

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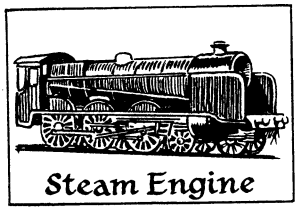

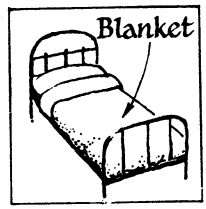

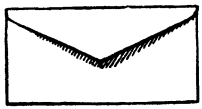

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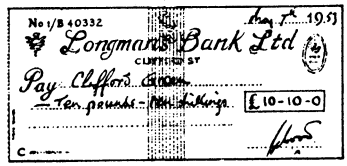


Cheque

Convenient — suitable, comfortable.

Idle — lazy.

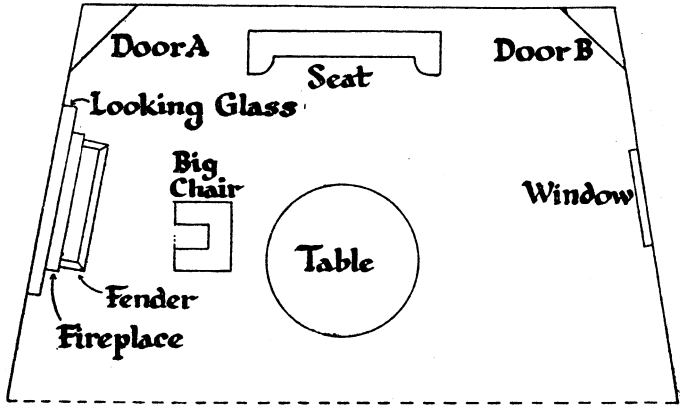
To Worry — to feel anxious.

To Copy — to do (or make) something like some other thing.

To Sign — to write your name (your **signature**).

ACT I. SCENE 1.

(*Scene : The library at Mr. Paul Bultitude's house in London.*)



§ 1

Time, an evening in January, about 6 *o'clock.*
(*When the curtain goes up the room is lit only by the fire.* *Enter *Boaler by Door B. He switches on the electric lights. Barbara Bultitude enters by Door A.*)

Barbara.—Oh, Boaler!
Boaler.—Yes, Miss Barbara.
Barbara.—Do you know where Dick is?
Boaler.—When I saw him last he was down in the kitchen, saying good-bye to Cook.
Barbara.—Did he seem very sad?
Boaler.—No, Miss, I don't think so. He was eating cake.

* Enter Boaler=Boaler comes into the room.

Barbara.—Poor Dick! I am so sorry that the holidays are really ended. I shall be so sorry when he is gone.

Boaler.—We shall all be sorry, Miss. He's a very happy young gentleman.

§ 2

Barbara.—When is the taxi coming, Boaler?

Boaler.—At a quarter to seven, Miss.

Barbara.—Father is later than usual this evening. He said that he would come home before Dick started.

Boaler (*going towards Door B*).—He will be back in time for that, Miss. There is still half an hour.

Barbara.—Well, if you see Dick, please tell him that I am here, will you?

Boaler.—Yes, Miss. You must try to make him feel a little happier before he meets his father.

Barbara (*coming to the fireplace*).—Oh, I do hope he won't cry! (*Enter Dick Bultitude, eating a piece of cake.*)

Dick (*in a sad voice*).—Well, Barbara, what are you doing in this room?

Barbara.—I see that you have finished saying good-bye to Cook.

Dick.—Yes, that is finished. I like Cook; but she talks a lot of nonsense.

Barbara.—What sort of nonsense?

Dick.—She said, "Time goes so fast that I'll see you back again before I can turn round." She'll have eleven weeks in which to turn round. This term at school will be eleven weeks; that is a long time! (*He sits.*)

Barbara.—Is it really eleven weeks?—Shall I turn off the lights?

Dick.—Why?

Barbara.—Oh, I don't know—I thought that you might like me to turn them off.

Dick.—You thought that I wanted to cry?—I don't. Not yet. But you can turn them off if you want to.

§ 3

(*Barbara turns off the lights and sits down in front of the fire.*)

Barbara.—Oh Dick, I wish* the holidays could go on for ever!

Dick.—What's the use of thinking things like that.

Barbara.—You did get a week more than usual these holidays.

Dick.—The holidays haven't seemed a week longer.

Barbara.—You have had a nice time these holidays, although Father did not take us to the theatre.

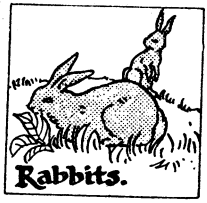
Dick.—If I had not had such a nice time, it would be easier to go back to school.

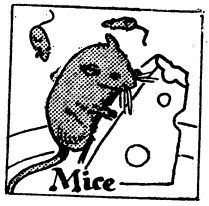
Barbara.—Do you hate going back to school so much?

Dick.—Things are not going to be easy at school. That is why I hate going back. There is going to be trouble. Barbara, do you think that Father will give me ten shillings this time? It will be very difficult if he doesn't.

Barbara.—What is the trouble at school? Why won't it be easy?

Dick.—I've got to pay five shillings to Coggs and Coker. They gave me the money to buy those *rabbits* and those *mice*; then Father made me send the animals away. So I've got to pay back the money to Coker and Coggs.





Barbara.—Father wouldn't let you keep the mice in your bedroom, but they weren't really unpleasant. They didn't smell much. But Father doesn't understand some things.

* Wish=want, would like. "I wish the holidays could go on for ever"="I want the holidays to go on for ever."

Dick.—He doesn't understand me. I expect that he will give me a serious talk as usual. We shall have a very unpleasant half hour.

§ 4

Barbara.—Well, Dick, you'll have a lot of sweets and cake to take to school this time. Cook has got it all ready for you. Of course Dr. Grimstone has made a rule that boys mustn't bring back sweets and cake, but no one troubles about his rules.

Dick.—I don't. But Father would be angry if he heard about it.

Barbara.—Father won't be there when you open your box.

Dick.—And Dr. Grimstone won't be there. But food isn't the only thing.

Barbara.—Of course there will be Bill, the headmaster's son.—I'd like to see him. Is he nice?

Dick.—Oh yes, he's nice enough, but I had another boy as a friend—a boy called Tipping. Bill was angry. I like them both, but I know there will be trouble. People *make* trouble.

(*There is the sound of a bell.*)

That's Father. I think I ought to go.

Barbara.—I think you ought to stay here. Father may be in quite a good temper.

Dick.—Well, you must help me.

Mr. Paradine's voice in the hall outside.—Hasn't he come in yet? It doesn't matter. I'll wait for him. (*Boaler comes in at Door B.*)

Boaler.—Miss Barbara, Mr. Paradine has come to see Mr. Bultitude.

§ 5

(*Enter Marmaduke Paradine.*)

Paradine.—Ah! Your name is Pauline, isn't it?

Barbara.—No; it's Barbara.

Paradine.—Barbara. Ah yes, of course.

Barbara.—This is Dick.

Paradine.—That's Dick, is it? I should have known who you were, you're so like your dear father and mother. You don't know who I am?

Barbara.—No, we don't. Ought we to know you?

Paradine.—Well, perhaps you can't be expected to know me. You were small children when I went out to India. But you may have heard your father speak about your poor dear mother's brother, Marmaduke?

Barbara—I've heard Mother speak about you—but not Father.

Paradine.—Oh? Not Father.

Barbara.—Are you really Uncle Duke?

Paradine.—Yes, my dear, I am. Are you glad to see me? (*He shakes hands with them; then he sits down.*) I've had a hard life out there. As soon as I got back to England my first thought was to go and see whether my sister's children still remembered their poor Uncle. —And so I came.

Barbara.—Does Father know that you've come back, Uncle?

Paradine.—No, not yet. I thought that I would give him a surprise—a pleasant surprise.—Do you think he will be back soon?

Barbara.—Oh yes, quite soon. He said that he would come back in time to see Dick before he went back to school.

Paradine.—Oh, are you going back to school, Dick? Poor fellow! I know I used to hate going back to school. About what time do you think your father will come in?

Barbara.—Not later than half-past six.

Paradine.—What is the time now? Is that clock right?

§ 6

(*Paradine pulls out his watch. On the end of his watch-chain there is a small green stone—but there is no watch.*)

Dick.—I say!—you have got a funny watch.

Paradine (*rather uncomfortable*).—I—well, I sold my watch. This is not a watch; it is a stone which was given to me by a man in India. He was a holy man and he gave me this stone because I helped him. I found the stone at the bottom of one of my boxes when I was unpacking.

Dick.—What is it used for?

Paradine.—I don't know. The Indian told me that it had strange powers.

Dick.—Can it make sick people well again?

Paradine.—Perhaps it can. The Indian said that if you hold the stone and say a wish, this stone will give what you wish for. But it will give each person only ONE wish.

Dick.—Did it do this? Have you tried?

Paradine.—No, of course not.

Dick.—Why haven't you tried?

Paradine.—I don't believe in those things. I don't think that what the Indian said was true. (*He puts the stone back into his pocket.*)

Dick.—It's a nice thing. I wish you would give it to me. —Someone has just come in at the front door. I think it is Father.

Paradine.—Well, I hope he will be pleased to see me after all these years.

§ 7

(*Mr. Bultitude enters.*)

Paul, my dear fellow, how are you? It's very nice to see you after all these years. You haven't changed at all. You look just the same.

Paul (*without taking Paradine's hand*).—That is true: I have not changed. I am surprised at this visit. When we last met I told you that I did not wish to see you again.

Paradine.—Why don't you forget the past? These children have received me very kindly. Surely you will not be less kind than they have been?

Paul.—Have you come here to ask me for something?

Paradine.—Well, yes, there is a little matter of business about which I wish to talk to you. But perhaps I have not chosen a very suitable time?

Paul.—No more inconvenient than any other time.

Paradine.—Thank you, Paul. That's kind—that's really kind. (*He sits down.*) I understand that you are just going to say good-bye to my young friend before he goes back to school.—Perhaps you would like me to go away until——

Paul.—Yes, I would like you to go away!

Paradine.—until that is done and you are free to talk to me. Perhaps Barbara will take me into the sitting-room. (*To Barbara.*) I spent many happy hours there with your mother.

Barbara.—Shall I take Uncle Duke to the sitting-room, Father?

Paul.—Oh yes. Say good-bye to your brother before you go.

Barbara.—Good-bye, dear Dick. (*She is crying.*)

Dick.—Good-bye, Barbara.—I say, don't cry—you'll make me start crying if you do!

§ 8

Paradine (*to Dick*).—Good-bye, my dear fellow. I'm sorry I can't give you five shillings as an uncle ought to. But, as you seem to want this stone, I'll give it to you. (*He takes the stone off his watch-chain and gives it to Dick.*)

Dick.—Thank you, Uncle. Thank you so much.—Good-bye.

Barbara (*leading Paradine to Door A*).—We can go this way, Uncle.

Paradine.—Yes, I remember the way. I used to know my way about this house very well at one time. (*He goes out with Barbara.*)

Paul.—I wish he knew the way *out of* the house! I wish that he'd go away! What's that thing which he has given you?

Dick.—This? Oh, nothing. It's a stone which he got in India.

Paul.—I won't allow you to take any present from that man. Give it to me.

Dick.—Uncle says that it is a wishing-stone. Mayn't I keep it?

Paul.—No. (*Dick gives him the stone.*) I shall give this thing back to your uncle after you have left. But, before you go, I must speak to you seriously—very seriously. (*He puts the stone on the table.*)

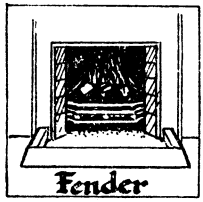
Dick.—Yes, Father. (*Dick begins to cry.*)

§ 9

Paul.—Don't make that noise!—What have you got in your mouth? You are eating sweets. I have told you not to eat sweets!—Throw it in the fire. You have made me forget what I was going to say. Ah, I remember. Yes. I have had a letter from Dr. Grimstone in which he says that you are a clever boy, but—BUT you are idle. You are not serious in your work. What have you got to say to that?

Dick.—I try to keep out of trouble, but I can't. I don't seem able to do so.

Paul.—You "try to keep out of trouble." You MUST keep out of trouble. You have a good mind: but you don't use it. You ought to be successful; but you are not.—I have written to Dr. Grimstone saying that, if you give any more trouble he is to use the *cane*.* I have asked him to punish you if you give any trouble.



Dick.—I say! You need not have said that.

(*He kicks the brass bar of the fender.*)

* Cane = a thin stick used for punishing children.

Paul.—Don't do that! Why can't you stay still for a moment? Why can't you sit down and keep quiet?

Dick.—Have you finished, Father?

Paul.—I have more to say, but I should only be wasting words.

§ 10

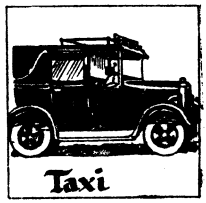
Dick.—Then—will you let me have some money to take to school, please?

Paul.—Money? Why do you want money? Your grandmother gave you a pound at Christmas, and I gave you two shillings.

Dick.—I spent that money long ago. You always give me some money before I go back to school.

Paul.—If I give you money you will only spend it.

Dick.—Isn't that what money is meant for?—for spending? Besides, I have got to pay the *taxi* and I've got to pay for the railway ticket.



Paul.—Boaler will go to the station with you.—He ought to have called the taxi by now. Go and get your coat and hat.

Dick.—Won't you give me the money first?

Paul.—Well—if I must. (*He takes a lot of money out of his pocket and spreads it on the table.*)

Dick (*going to the table*).—I say! What a lot of money!

Paul (*taking up five shillings*).—There! One—two—three—four—five shillings.

Dick (*sadly*).—Thank you, Father.

Paul.—That is quite enough money for a boy of your age.

If you need more later, you may write to me and ask for it, and, if I think it right, you shall get it.

Dick.—Thank you, Father. May I keep Uncle's wishing-stone?

Paul.—What? This thing? (*He takes the stone from the table.*) I have already told you that I shall not let you have it. Now is there anything else that you wish to say to me?

§ 11

Dick.—Only this—will you let me leave Grimstone's school at the end of this half term?

Paul.—Let you leave Dr. Grimstone's school? His name is *Doctor* Grimstone; please speak of him as Dr. Grimstone. No! Why should I take you away from Dr. Grimstone's school? It is a very good school. They take great care of you. You are as comfortable there as you are at home.

Dick.—Biddlecomb and Jolland are going to Harrow.* They are two of the boys at Dr. Grimstone's. Mayn't I go too? I do hate Dr. Grimstone's. Dr. Grimstone is nice to the boys whom he likes, but he doesn't like me. And I hate some of the boys there. Do let me leave!

Paul.—Nonsense, nonsense. I don't think that the Public Schools are good, and I have not enough money to pay for a Public School education.

Dick.—Then may I have a teacher at home?

Paul.—No, you may not! You will stay at Dr. Grimstone's school as long as I wish to keep you there.——Don't cry. There's no reason for crying. I know that it is usual for boys at school to think that they are badly treated. But (believe me!) when a boy grows up and goes out into the world and has *real* troubles, he looks back to his schooldays as the happiest time of his life!

* A well-known school for older boys of the richer families in England. Harrow and other such schools are called "Public Schools."

§ 12

Dick.—I hope *my* schooldays won't be the happiest time of my life. I shall not have a very happy life if they are! You may have been happy at your school, but I'm sure you wouldn't like to change with me and go to Grimstone's in my place.

Paul.—You think I would not? You are wrong, Dick; you are wrong! (*Speaking very seriously and holding the stone in his right hand. He is sitting in the big chair. Dick is sitting down on the bar of the fire-place.*) I tell you, my boy, I wish—yes, I wish that I could change places with you and be a boy again.

(*There is a loud noise. The lights go out. When the lights come on again there is a boy standing with his back to the fire and a man sitting on the side of the chair. Mr. Bultitude has become a boy again; Dick has become Mr. Bultitude. They have changed places.*)

Paul (*in Dick's body*).—These lights are always going out. Really I must write to the Electric Company and——

Dick (*in Paul's body*).—Ha! Ha! Ha!

Paul.—Why—Why am I here? I thought that I was sitting in that chair.—Who are you?—Who are you sitting in that chair? You look very much like me. Is it possible that we have——

Dick.—Yes, we have! Look at yourself in the looking-glass. You will die with laughing.

§ 13

Paul.—What? (*He jumps up and looks in the glass.*) Goodness! It can't be! (*He rubs the glass with his handkerchief.*) I certainly seem to have changed. Do you notice it? There's no reason for laughing. You have changed too.

Dick (*standing up and going to the glass*).—Why yes, I have. I say, Father, I'm you, and you are me. What a joke!

Paul.—Joke! How has this thing happened to us?

Dick.—I don't know—oh yes, of course I do! Uncle Duke's stone. I've got it in my hand still. That did it.

Paul.—Did it? What do you mean?

Dick.—Don't you understand? You wished that we could change places with each other, and we have! Uncle Duke's wishing-stone did it!

Paul.—But I didn't really mean it. I didn't really wish that.

Dick.—Well, you can't expect a wishing-stone to know whether you mean your wish or not.

Paul.—Ah,—a wishing-stone!—— Give that stone to me, my boy. (*Dick does so.*) I wish this mistake to be put right at once. (*He stops and looks at himself, expecting a change; but nothing happens.*) I wish that my son and I were in our own bodies again. (*Nothing happens.*) I say I wish——

Dick.—You don't seem to be very successful, Father.

Paul.—Why?——Don't you see any change beginning yet?

Dick.—No.——Oh, I remember. Uncle Duke said that the stone gives only one wish. And you have had your wish.

Paul.—But I must do something! We can't possibly stay as we are. Boaler might come into the room.

Dick.—He would be surprised, wouldn't he? (*Dick goes towards the fireplace so as to ring the bell.*) Let's call all the servants.

§ 14

Paul.—Don't ring the bell! Don't you understand how serious this is?—Ah, I have an idea which will save us both.

Dick.—What is your idea?

Paul.—You have still got your wish. If you wish, the stone will give you what you ask for. (*He gives Dick the stone.*) Here, take the thing and wish us both as we were.

Dick.—And if I do that you will send me off to Grimstone's school?

Paul.—Yes, of course. Don't waste time asking foolish questions.

Dick.—I don't see why I should wish for something which I don't want.

Paul.—You don't want to go back to school as you are!

Dick.—I should not like that at all.

Paul.—Well, I shall certainly send you back to school, whether you have this put right or not.

Dick.—Would you send me back as I am? Grimstone would not take me.

Paul.—Well, if you won't wish, give me back the stone.

Dick.—I shan't. It's mine. Uncle Duke gave it to me.

Paul.—You won't, won't you! (*Paul stands up and moves towards Dick as if to fight him.*) Give me that stone, I say!

Dick (*putting the stone in his pocket and holding up his hands as if to fight*).—I don't advise you to fight me. I don't like hitting a fellow who is smaller than I am,—and, besides, you are my father. But, if you don't keep away, I shall have to hit you.

Paul (*very angry*).—You unnatural* boy.

Dick.—Unnatural boy yourself! You're the boy.

§ 15

(*Enter Boaler carrying Dick's hat and coat.*)

Paul.—Ah, good! Here's Boaler.

Boaler (*to Dick*).—I've got a taxi, sir, and I've put the box and bags on it. Here are the young gentleman's hat and coat.

Dick.—All right, Boaler, my dear fellow. (*Boaler looks surprised.*) (*To Paul.*) Well, my boy, it's time for you to start.

Paul.—Nonsense, sir; I do not mean to go to that school. I shall not go! (*Boaler smiles.*)

Dick.—You yourself said that it was a good school, quite as comfortable as your own home. You are going back to the happiest time of your life. So why are you complaining?

* Unnatural=not behaving as a son should do.

Paul.—Boaler, send the taxi away. Something has happened. I shall explain it to you later. But I am not going to leave this house.

Boaler (*smiling*).—Mr. Dick, how you do talk! But you've got to do as you are told. So put on your hat and coat and be a sensible boy.

Paul.—I will not.

Dick (*not remembering that he is holding the stone in his hand*).—I wish you would go back to school without making any more trouble. (*There is a noise and the lights go out. Then they come on again.*) Oh! I say! I've used up my wish now!

§ 16

Boaler.—The lights seem to have gone wrong again, sir.

Dick.—Yes; I must write and complain to the Electric Company. (*To Paul.*) Well, my boy, are you going back quietly?

Paul.—I must, sir. You wished it. I can't do anything else. But let me tell you this! As soon as I get there I shall at once tell Dr. Grimstone about the way in which I have been treated, and he will let me come back by the next train.

Dick.—Perhaps he will—if he believes you! (*Boaler goes to the door and holds it open.*)

Paul (*at the door*).—If he believes me! He must believe me. My way of speaking, my way of behaving will soon show him that I am very different from what I seem to be.

Dick.—Well, try it. Good-bye, my boy, and keep out of trouble this term.

Paul (*very angry as he goes out*).—PAH!

(*Paul and Boaler go out. Dick comes to the middle of the room.*)

Dick.—I am sorry for poor Father; he will have a bad time at school. But I'm all right now! I can stay at home as long as I like. It's fine! (*He begins to dance. Enter Paradine.*)

§ 17

Paradine.—You seem pleased that Dick has gone.

Dick.—No—I mean yes. Yes, he has gone, Uncle Duke. I don't know why I was dancing like that.

Paradine.—After the sadness of saying good-bye, it is very natural to feel a sudden change to happiness. I am very pleased to hear you call me Uncle. You are in a better temper than when I left you.

Dick (*sitting on the edge of the table and laughing foolishly*).—Yes, perhaps I am, my dear Duke.

Paradine.—This seems to be the right time for me to say that I have very little money, and if you could lend me a little——

Dick (*taking a lot of money out of his pocket*).—I've got lots of money. Take as much as you want. Will this be enough?

Paradine.—My dear fellow, I won't take all that. I will take only the notes. I will leave you the silver. It is really very kind of you, Paul; and, if there is anything that I can do for you, I do hope you will tell me. (*Enter Barbara.*)

Dick (*to Paradine*).—I'll tell you what you can do,—take me and Barbara to the theatre to-night!

Barbara.—Oh, Father!

Paradine (*surprised*).—" Take you "—I should have thought that you were old enough to take yourself.

Dick.—Of course. Yes, I am. But you will come too? I say, will you come and live with us? Will you?

Barbara.—Father! How kind you are! Will you, Uncle Duke? You will come and live with us, won't you?

Paradine (*giving his right hand to Dick and his left hand to Barbara*).—Well, if you really mean it, I will.

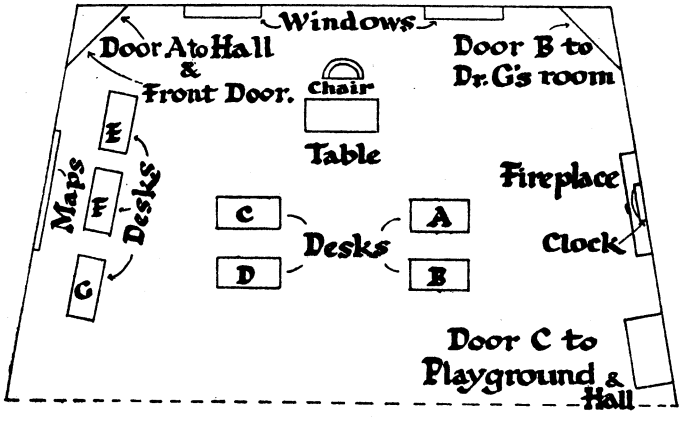
Dick.—Good! We'll have a fine time.

Paradine.—Yes—I think we shall!

END OF SCENE I

ACT I. SCENE 2.

A classroom at Dr. Grimstone's school.



§ 1

(*Biddlecomb, Coker and Coggs—boys at the school—are standing near the fireplace. Jolland, a boy, is sitting at desk G with a note-book in his hand. Kiffin is sitting at desk A, reading.*)

Jolland.—I say, you fellows, I've been trying to find out how long it is to the next holidays; and it's eleven weeks, three days and thirteen hours. (*He looks at the clock.*) No; twelve hours and fifty-five minutes.

Biddlecomb.—And the next holidays are only three weeks. If this was a Public School we should get a month.

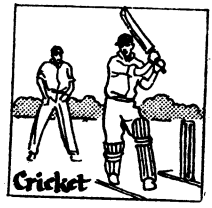
Jolland.—This term is always the worst of the three.

Biddlecomb, Coker and Coggs (*together*).—Yes. We—hate—this—term.

(*Coggs sees Kiffin at desk A. Kiffin cannot say S; he says Thwatting for Swotting, etc.*)

Coggs.—Hullo* Kiffin, what are you doing? Are you beginning to swot† already?

Kiffin.—No; I'm not "thwatting." I'm reading the Rules of *Cricket* in this book; it's "The Boys' Book of Games."



Coggs.—Well, we don't play cricket in January, so stop it! (*He knocks the book out of his hand.*) What is your name?

Kiffin.—Cyril Augustus Algernon Winterbotham Kiffin.

Coggs.—Oh, is that all? Say it again. (*Coggs hits Kiffin. Kiffin begins to cry. Enter Tipping, Door A.*)

§ 2

Jolland.—Hullo, Tipping!

Other boys.—Hullo, Tipping. When did you come?

Coggs (*looking ashamed*).—How are you, Tipping? Have you had a good time? Have you enjoyed the holidays?

Tipping.—Yes. But young Kiffin doesn't seem to be enjoying the term.

Coggs.—I didn't hurt him.

Tipping.—You've made him cry—on the first night of term. Don't touch him! If you hurt him, I'll fight you.

Coggs.—Oh, all right. I won't hurt him. I know that you fight better than I or any fellow in the school—except one.

* Hullo—this word is used in calling a person or in getting a person to listen.

† Swot=a schoolboy word meaning to work.

Tipping.—Oh ; and who is that ?

Coggs.—Bultitude. He knocked you down last term.

Tipping.—That was only an accident. I'll fight him at any time. If he is coming back——

Jolland.—Oh yes, he's coming back.—Does anyone know where Chawner is ? He said that he was leaving, but he says that at the end of every term.

Tipping.—He was right this time. He wrote to me in the holidays and said that he wasn't coming back.

Jolland.—That's good. I'm glad he isn't coming back. I hate that fellow.

All.—Yes. So do we.

Jolland.—He finds out things that you've done and says, " I feel that I really ought to tell Dr. Grimstone about it."

Tipping.—And he does tell Dr. Grimstone.

Biddlecomb.—I blame Grimstone. He ought not to allow it. At Public Schools boys aren't allowed to tell stories about other boys.

Coker.—If Chawner does come back, I think we ought to give him a bad time.

Coggs.—Yes. No one must speak to him.

All.—Yes. That's right, no one must speak to him.

(*Enter Chawner.*)

§ 3

Chawner.—Hullo, you fellows.

Tipping and others.—Hullo. Why, Chawner, dear fellow,—we thought that you weren't coming back.

Chawner.—I did mean to leave—but I knew that some of you fellows would get into trouble if I wasn't here to look after you.

(*Enter Bill, the Headmaster's son, by Door A. He is a nice-looking boy, about nine years of age, very bright and happy.*)

All.—Hullo, Bill.

(*Bill shakes hands with everyone—except Chawner.*)

Bill.—How are you ? I hope you aren't all too sorry to be back—because I'm glad you are.

Jolland, Kiffin and others.—Oh, it's not too bad.

Tipping.—I'm glad to be back, and glad to see you again, Bill.

Bill.—Where's Bultitude? Why hasn't he come?

Tipping.—I don't know. I shouldn't be sorry if he didn't come back at all.

Bill.—Well, I should be sorry. Hullo, Kiffin; you aren't looking very glad to be here. It really isn't so bad.

Coker.—I hope that Bultitude is coming; he's bringing me something.

Coggs.—And he's bringing me something, too.

Jolland.—I hope he'll come; we've always been friends. He's a very nice fellow.

Bill (going to Door B).—I'll go and tell Father that you are all here.

§ 4

Tipping.—I don't know why Bill likes that fellow Bultitude.

Chawner.—I could tell Dr. Grimstone something about Bultitude. I feel that I really ought to——

Jolland.—You could tell him something about most of the boys in the school.

Chawner.—I could tell him something about you. I could tell him that you cut a donkey's head in the wood of his desk. And I could tell him that Tipping smoked cigarettes last term.

Tipping.—I say, you aren't going to begin telling already!

Chawner.—So long as you treat me nicely, you will have no reason to be afraid.

Jolland (to Tipping).—Why don't you fight him?

Tipping.—It wouldn't do any good. He would only start telling.

Jolland.—Perhaps Bultitude will fight him.

Tipping.—Bultitude! I don't know why all you fellows talk so much about Bultitude.

(Enter Paul, Door A. Seeing the room full of boys he turns to go back.)

Jolland.—Good! Here's Bultitude at last! How are you?
All.—Hullo, Bultitude, we're pleased to see you!
Tipping.—So you've got here.
Paul.—Yes. I have got here.
Jolland.—You don't seem very bright and happy, do you? This is a nasty place, isn't it?
Paul.—It is. But I shall not be here long.
Jolland.—What? Are you leaving? When?
Paul.—I believe that there is a train to London in about one hour from now. I shall leave by that.
(*All laugh, thinking that Dick is making a joke.*)

§ 5

Jolland.—I say, what a fellow you are! You begin your jokes as soon as you get here.
Paul.—I am not joking, my boy. I am quite serious. But I cannot expect you to understand the position. (*All laugh.*)
Tipping.—You think that you are so clever! You think that you are so funny. But I don't understand the joke myself.
Jolland.—You never do. You aren't clever enough! Go on, Dick, don't take any notice of him.
Paul.—Perhaps one of you boys will kindly tell Dr. Grimstone that Mr. Bultitude is here and would like to see him.
Bill (*coming from Door B*).—Father is just coming. Oh, it's Bultitude.—Hullo, Dick.
Paul.—How are you, my child?—Dr. Grimstone's little boy, I believe? (*All laugh.*)
Bill (*surprised*).—What is the matter?
Jolland.—It's all right, Bill. He's only joking.
Paul (*to Bill*).—Will you kindly tell your father that I wish to speak to him alone. (*All laugh; then they stop suddenly as Dr. Grimstone enters.*)
Grimstone.—Boys! Boys! Why are you making all this noise?

Chawner.—It's only Bultitude, sir. He has been making us laugh.

Grimstone.—Ah well, I can understand your all being very happy at coming back to school. But we must not joke too much, Bultitude; not too much.—And how are you all? Tipping—Biddlecomb—Jolland—Coker—Coggs—I hope you have all come back feeling strong and well after the holidays. Kiffin, I hope you feel quite happy in your new school with all these nice new friends.

§ 6

Paul.—Kiffin? Did you by chance say the name Kiffin, Dr. Grimstone? That is, perhaps, the son of Jordan Kiffin of College Hill? (*The boys laugh quietly.*)

Grimstone.—And, if he is the son of Jordan Kiffin, what has that to do with you?

Paul.—Only this—that this little fellow's father is an old friend of mine—a very old friend. (*The boys laugh. Paul looks round angrily.*)

Grimstone (*surprised*).—Oh?—And how is your father, Bultitude? Is he well?

Paul.—My father? Well, Dr. Grimstone, I cannot answer that question without speaking about family matters which cannot be talked about in public.

Grimstone (*surprised*).—I understand from his letter that he has been very much pained by the way in which you have behaved at home. You do not know how much pain a troublesome son may cause to a loving father.

Paul.—Oh! I do. I know that well.

Grimstone.—I shall be glad to see you prove it.—Well, boys, you have had an unusually long holiday because of the bad weather. So I shall make the next holidays shorter.

All.—Oh, sir! Oh no, please don't.

Paul.—I am very glad to hear it, Dr. Grimstone. Boys have far too long holidays as it is. It is not at all

pleasant to have a big idle boy playing about in the home and eating all day. (*The boys look very surprised. Some laugh.*)

§ 7

Grimstone.—If you really believe what you are saying, I am pleased to hear you speak so sensibly. (*He looks round and sees some boys laughing. They stop at once.*) I say IF you believe what you are saying.—(*To the others*). And how have you all been spending the holidays? In healthy games and pleasures?—I took my boy to the theatre, to see "Peter Pan."* He enjoyed it very much. Perhaps some of you have seen it?

Boys.—Yes, sir. I have, sir! I've seen it three times.

Paul.—I know, Dr. Grimstone, that many do not agree with me, but I do not, myself, think it a good thing to take children to the theatre. It is not good for them.

Grimstone (*looking angry*).—It seems to me, Bultitude, that you are amusing yourself by acting the part of an old man.

Paul.—Believe me, Dr. Grimstone, I am not doing that. If you will allow me to explain——

Grimstone.—You need not do that. We will say no more about it. I expect you are all hungry after your journey. You will find supper ready in the Hall.

All (*except Paul*).—Thank you, sir. (*They go out by Door C.*)

Jolland (*as he passes Paul*).—It's fine! Go on! You're wonderful.

§ 8

Grimstone (*to Paul*).—Won't you go and have some supper, my boy?

Paul.—You are very kind, Dr. Grimstone. I have had to come away without my dinner. I do not feel very

* A well-known play for children.

hungry; but if you would give me a cup of coffee and a little cold meat, I might——

Grimstone (*angry*).—Bultitude! You take far too much interest in your food. Your father has already complained of this more than once. You will get the same food as the other boys—milk and bread-and-butter. (*He goes out at Door B.*)

Paul (*sitting down in the chair*).—Milk and bread-and-butter! I shall need more strength than I can get from milk and bread-and-butter before I speak to him again! (*Enter Bill.*)

Bill.—Dick! You're sitting in Father's chair. You oughtn't to do that.

Paul.—Do you think he would be angry?

Bill.—If he saw you he would be. Don't you remember? He once caned a boy for sitting in his chair.

Paul (*getting out of the chair quickly*).—Oh! Did he!—Well, my child, I must run away now.

Bill.—Run away?

Paul.—Yes. I don't think that I can wait to explain things to your father. I must go home at once. I don't know what may be happening while I am away. Will you tell Dr. Grimstone that I am sorry I was unable to see him before I left, but that I had to go back to London on important business.

§ 9

Bill.—Please do stop joking. Can't you be serious?

Paul.—Serious? I am perfectly serious. I must go at once. (*He takes out some money.*) Four shillings will be enough for the railway ticket.

Bill (*crying*).—Why do you want to go away? Why do you go on making fun of me? Last term you were so nice.

Paul.—It's all a mistake, my dear child—all a mistake. I can't wait to explain. But I'm not the Dick whom you knew.

Bill.—No, you aren't. I know that. (*Enter Tipping.*)

Tipping.—Why didn't you come to supper.—Oh, I see; you've been talking to Bill, and you've made him cry. What have you been saying?

Paul.—What has that to do with you?

Tipping.—If I ever see you worrying Bill again, or even talking to him, I'll fight you, and you'll be sorry. So be careful.

Paul.—You need have no fear. I am leaving at once.

Tipping.—Don't be a fool.

Paul.—Instead of quarrelling, will you please tell me the nearest way to the railway station?

§ 10

(*Enter Coker and Coggs.*)

Tipping.—I say, Bultitude says that he's going home to-night.

Coker.—You're mad! What's the use of doing such a foolish thing?

Paul.—I am not being a fool.—I really must go now. Good night, my boys.

Coggs.—Here! Wait a bit. You promised to buy a rabbit for me. Where is it?

Coker.—And some white mice for me. Where are they?

Paul.—Don't talk to me about mice and rabbits. I must be quick! I must go.

Coggs and Coker.—Oh, must you! We won't let you go until you tell us where our mice and our rabbits are. (*They turn his arms round so that he cries out with pain.*)

Paul.—Stop! I shall call a policeman if you do that again.

Coker.—You would have fought us last term. We won't stop till you tell us where the rabbit and the mice are.

Paul.—Where?—Oh, they are at the railway station in my box. I was just going to get them.

Coggs.—I saw your box in the hall. Besides, no one would put rabbits in a box.

Coker.—Why don't you tell the truth? You haven't got any rabbits or mice. Tell me the truth!

Paul.—All right: I haven't. I don't walk about with mice and rabbits in my pocket!

§ 11

(*Other boys enter with the class-master, Mr. Blinkorn.*)

Blinkorn.—Now boys! Stop that. You mustn't fight.

Coker.—We weren't fighting, Mr. Blinkorn. We were only turning Bultitude's arms round to show how a steam engine works.

Blinkorn.—You were not doing it very gently.

Paul.—Gently! They were breaking my arms. I have never, in all my life, been treated like this!—Never, sir, never!

Blinkorn.—Is that so, Coker?

Coker.—I gave him two shillings last term to buy me some white mice.

Coggs.—And I gave him three shillings to buy a rabbit.

Coker.—And he won't tell us whether he has brought them back, or not. Will you ask him, sir?

Blinkorn.—But surely Dr. Grimstone will not allow you to keep those animals here?

Paul.—Of course he won't!

Coker.—Yes, he will, sir. He would let us keep them in a hut in the garden. He said that we might keep them there.

Paul.—If you must know the truth, sir, they were so unpleasant in my London house that I had to send them away.

Blinkorn.—That was very sensible. And, as you are unable to give Coker and Coggs the animals, all you have to do is to pay back the money which they gave you.—Five shillings, was it not?

Paul.—I do not wish to do that just now. It happens that

five shillings is all the money I have in the world, and I need the money for something else.

Blinkorn.—If you are unwilling to pay your debts, Bultitude, I shall have to tell Dr. Grimstone about this.

Paul.—No, sir! No, sir! Don't do that! I'll pay. (*He takes some money out of his pocket.*) There's your two shillings, and your three shillings—and I hate you both!

Coker and Coggs (*taking the money*).—That's all right, Bultitude. Thank you, sir, for acting as judge.

§ 12

Blinkorn (*going to his table*).—Now go to your usual places till Dr. Grimstone comes and sends you to bed.

(*Jolland and Tipping sit at Desk A, Chawner and Biddlecomb sit at Desk B, Paul and Coker at Desk C.*)

Paul.—Do you know what you've done, you fools?—Now I shall have to stay here and tell Dr. Grimstone everything.

Jolland (*leaning towards Paul*).—Don't look so sad! When Grim comes, show him that you aren't afraid of him.

Paul.—Thank you, I do not need your advice. I know how to take care of myself. Ah! I smell sweets. (*He looks at Coggs.*) There's a most unpleasant smell of sweets!

(*Dr. Grimstone comes in, Door B. He stands near the fire.*)

Grimstone.—Well, boys, you have had your supper and now it is time for you to go to Bed-ford.* (*All laugh except Kiffin who is crying, and Paul who looks angry.*)

Paul.—Dr. Grimstone, I hope that you will not think that I am joking if I ask whether you allow boys to make themselves very unpleasant.

Grimstone.—No, Bultitude, no, of course I do not.

Paul.—Then may I tell you that the boy on my left (*pointing to Coggs*) has a sweet in his mouth, and the smell of it is very unpleasant.

* Bedford is a town in England. This is a joke; he means "go to bed."

Grimstone (*angry*).—Is this true, Coggs ?

Coggs (*speaking with difficulty*).—Yes, sir.

(*Dr. Grimstone turns towards the fire. Coker kicks Paul then goes back quickly to his place.*)

Paul.—Oh ! Doctor ! That boy (*pointing to Coker*) has just kicked me.

Jolland (*sadly*).—Oh—I say—Bultitude !

§ 13

Grimstone.—I see, Coker, that you try to copy the donkey in more ways than one. You are as dull as a donkey, and you kick like a donkey also ! You will write this sentence for me five hundred times : " I must learn not to kick like a donkey." You, Coggs, will write five hundred times, " I must not eat sweets ; they are bad for the stomach." You, Bultitude, have behaved as a good and brave boy in bringing these things to my notice. I thank you.

Paul.—I did only what seemed right : you have no need to thank me, sir. (*Turning to Kiffin.*) Do stop making that noise. If you must cry, cry quietly, and use your handkerchief.

Grimstone.—Were you crying, Kiffin ?

Kiffin.—I'm trying not to, sir.

Grimstone.—Do not begin your new life at school by crying and complaining. I allow no sadness or crying in this house. I *will* have happiness in this school even if I have to cane every boy in it so as to get it !—Coggs was eating sweets. I should like to believe that he is the only boy in this school who has any sweets.—You will all bring your boxes into this room and open them in front of me. Your boxes are in the hall.

All.—Oh, sir ! !

Grimstone.—Let every boy bring his box. (*The boys begin to go out through Door A. Paul waits.*) EVERY boy ! (*Paul quickly follows the others.*)

§ 14

Blinkorn.—You were going to tell me about the work to be done in Class 5 this year.

Grimstone.—Ah yes. I have a list of the subjects in my room. Will you come with me?

Blinkorn.—Certainly, sir. (*He follows Dr. Grimstone through Door B.*)

(*Enter Tipping and the other boys with their boxes. Tipping looks round and sees that Dr. Grimstone and Mr. Blinkhorn have gone*).

Tipping.—It's all right. Quick, you fellows! Put everything under the desks. Quickly! (*All take boxes of sweets, cakes, etc. out of their boxes and hide them in the desks with as little noise as possible.*)

Chawner (*after putting a bag of sweets and some cakes in his pockets*).—I've brought nothing—luckily.

Tipping.—Grim won't think of looking in the desks. I am surprised at Bultitude giving us all this trouble.

Jolland.—He didn't mean to. He was only joking; but he let the joke go too far.

Tipping.—Oh, he did, did he! (*Bultitude enters carrying a box painted R.B.*) You haven't got any sweets or cakes inside that, have you, Bultitude?

Paul.—I have good reason to believe that there are no such things in this box.

Tipping.—And you tried to get all of us into trouble! *Sneak!**

Chawner.—Yes, sneak.—You're a sneak! (*The boys are standing round in a half circle, with Paul in the middle.*)

§ 15

Tipping.—I'll pay you back for this if you're sleeping in my room.

* A school-word meaning a boy who tells bad things to the master about other boys.

Paul.—I shall not be sleeping in anyone's room.

Tipping (*to the others*).—What shall we do to him? Throw him up in a blanket?

Coggs and Coker.—Yes. That is right.

Paul.—If I sleep in this house, I shall ask to have a separate bedroom. (*All laugh.*)

Tipping.—Do you think you'll get one!—Now, when are you going to open your box?

Paul (*feeling in his pockets*).—As soon as I can find the key. (*He finds the key and opens the box.*) There is nothing here which Dr. Grimstone would not wish to see. (*He opens the box.*) Oh! Oh!

Tipping (*looking over Paul's shoulder*).—Hullo! Why, look here, you fellows! His box is full of sweets; and he told Grimstone about Coggs. Look! Sweets—cakes—just look!

Coker.—Just look. Boxes of sweets, and bags, and bottles.

Coggs.—And a great big cake.

Chawner.—I'm glad I'm not you, Bultitude. You'll get into trouble.

Paul.—No, no. You can have them, all of them. Hide them somewhere—anywhere. (*He throws the things wildly out of the box on to the floor.*)

Tipping.—Oh no, you shall not do that! You shall put them all back again—sneak!

Paul.—Don't speak to me like that! I will NOT put them back.

Tipping.—All right! (*He throws Paul down on the floor.*) Just sit on him, Biddlecomb. (*Biddlecomb sits on Paul while Tipping puts everything back in the box.*)

§ 16

Chawner.—Take care! (*Biddlecomb quickly gets up. Paul stands. Tipping is bending over Paul's box as Dr. Grimstone enters.*)

Tipping (*speaking so that the Doctor can hear*).—I have unlocked your box for you now, Bultitude. You said that you could not turn the key. (*He goes back to his own box.*)

Grimstone (*walking round the circle of boxes*).—Good !—Yes. —Very good ! (*He stops half-way and looks at Paul who seems very uncomfortable.*) Yes : I think there is no need to look at the other boxes. You may take your boxes away. Stay, Bultitude ! It seems to me that you are rather too pleased to find that I have not looked in your box.

Paul (*with one foot on the box*).—I have nothing, sir.

Grimstone.—If that is true, you will be quite willing to open your box.

Paul.—Well, if I must—if I must. But remember that I am not to be blamed for this.

Grimstone (*looking at the things in the box*).—What ! Cake ! Sweets ! Bultitude ! This is bad. This is very bad !

Paul.—You mustn't blame me. I didn't know that they were there.

Grimstone.—Then why were you so unwilling to open your box ?

Paul (*angry*).—I tell you it's all nonsense.—I never eat such stuff. It makes me ill. I ordered my cook not to allow any of these things to be taken to school. I won't allow food to be taken out of my house so as to make a lot of dirty little boys sick at school. It is not my fault if my orders are not obeyed. (*The other boys come back.*)

§ 17

Grimstone (*unable to understand*).—It is possible that you are not to blame for this, so I shall not punish you. I will take all this stuff away.—You may go. And now boys go quickly to your rooms.—Good night. (*He shakes hands with the boys as they go out.*) Tipping, I have put you in Number One room with Coker, Coggs, Biddlecomb and Bultitude.

Tipping (*in Paul's ear as he passes*).—You just wait till I get you upstairs !

Paul.—I shall not go upstairs, sir. I WILL NOT go upstairs !

Grimstone (*to Tipping*).—Good night, my boy. (*Tipping goes out leaving Paul alone with Dr. Grimstone. Dr. Grimstone sits down in the chair.*) Now, Bultitude, you know your room.

Paul.—Dr. Grimstone, listen to what I have to say. You will not then expect me to share a room with those boys.

Grimstone.—I do not like listening to—er—"sneaking"; but, if you have anything else which you feel you ought to tell me, I must hear you.

Paul.—My good sir, I am not a policeman! What I have to say is about myself. As a business man, as the head of a household, I must order you to——

Grimstone (*angry*).—You have come back this term with a very strange way of speaking—very strange. It seems to me that you are trying to copy and make fun of your dear father.

Paul.—Make fun! (*Door B opens and Mr. Blinkorn comes out with a paper in his hand.*) I see that we are not alone; and these are matters which cannot be spoken about in public. Could you find some other place where we shall be alone. You have an office?

Grimstone (*very angry*).—Yes, I have an office! And I have a cane! Go to your room, sir, before you make me angry! Not another word! Go!

(*Paul opens his mouth to speak; then seeing that it is useless, he goes slowly out. The curtain falls.*)

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

§ 1

(*Scene : The classroom as in Act I, Scene 2. The time is afternoon, some days later. The clock shows ten minutes past two. Books and papers are lying on the desks. As the curtain goes up Biddlecomb, Coker and Coggs enter through Door A.*)

Coker (*sitting on the edge of a desk*).—One more dinner finished! Grim need not be afraid that we shall eat too much here! I could hardly get that meat down my throat.

Biddlecomb.—Some time I mean to write to my father about it. They do give you eatable food at the Public Schools.

Coggs.—My bit of meat was all fat.

Coker.—Do you think Grim saw Jolland putting his meat in an envelope? I saw Grim looking at him.

Biddlecomb.—Poor Jolland! He's always unlucky. I expect Grim did see him.

(*Mr. Tinkler enters, talking to Tipping.*)

Tinkler.—Yes, I could have got a First Class at the University, if I had tried; but I never read a book! We "bloods" did not read.

Tipping.—I shall be a "blood" if I go to the University. What is a "blood?"

Tinkler.—Oh—one of the fellows who is a leader in games and amusements. I've had some fun at the University.

Coker.—Do tell us about it.

Other boys.—Yes, sir; do!

Tinkler.—No, no. You would not understand such things in a little school like this.

§ 2

Biddlecomb.—" Little " !—It may be a little school, but we play football very well.

Tinkler.—Football—I don't call that stuff which you play here football !

Tipping.—Did you play football at the University, sir ?

Tinkler.—I was asked to play for the University.

Tipping (*with great respect*).—Did you really play for the University, sir ? I wish you would play here sometimes.

Tinkler.—I was asked to play for the University, but I was unable to do so. I had hurt my leg. It has never been right since ; that is why I don't play here.

Biddlecomb.—Shall we arrange the sides,* Tipping ? You'll be captain of one side and Bultitude captain of the other.

Tipping.—Bultitude ? Oh, he's no use this term. He's afraid of the ball.

Kiffin.—He runs away whenever he sees the ball coming—and he's much bigger than I am.

Jolland.—Shut up !† A little fellow like you ought not to be talking about the bigger boys.

Tipping.—Yes, Bultitude is afraid of the ball this term—and he's a sneak.

(*Enter Chawner.*)

Chawner.—Who are you talking about ?—About me ?

Tipping.—No, of course not. About Bultitude.—I say, Jolland, you and I must arrange the sides.

Jolland.—I can't play this afternoon. I've been punished. I have got to write five hundred times, " It is dirty to hide pieces of fat in an envelope."—I've got to write it in Latin. What is the Latin for " envelope," Mr. Tinkler ?

Tinkler.—I don't know. Latin wasn't my subject at the University.

* Sets of eleven players who will play against each other.

† Schoolboy way of saying Be silent, Don't talk.

Jolland.—What was your subject?
Tinkler.—Now be quick and get ready for football.

§ 3

(*Paul enters.*)
Tipping.—Oh, here's Bultitude at last. I say, we have to choose the sides for football.
Coker (*to Paul*).—I don't want to be on your side unless you mean to play hard.
Coggs.—Nor do I.
Paul.—I shall not have anyone on my side. Dr. Grimstone has allowed me to stay in the house this afternoon.
Tinkler.—Has he? Why?
Paul.—Because I am not feeling well.
Tinkler.—What's wrong with you?
Paul.—A pain in my stomach. I get it after meals—the sort of meals I get here.
Tinkler.—Nonsense. A game of football will be good for you.
Paul.—It will not. It will be very bad for me. My doctor has advised me to keep very quiet after meals.
Tinkler.—Oh, has he? We'll go and get ready, you others.
(*They go out leaving Paul and Jolland together.*)
Jolland.—I say, you aren't really ill, are you?
Paul.—What does it matter to you if I am?
Jolland.—We used to be friends, once. Of course, if you are ill, that would explain it.
Paul.—Explain what?
Jolland.—Explain the strange way in which you have been behaving. You're quite different from what you were last term. Anyone can see that!
Paul.—Dr. Grimstone can't. I have tried to make him understand; but it is useless. And now this boy——
Jolland.—Oh, shut up! Stop talking like that. I tell you, Bultitude, you've come back this term useless. You're no good for anything.
Paul.—Useless!

Jolland.—Yes. You use long words. You're a sneak, a worse sneak than Chawner. You aren't even any good at work. You just copy all your work from me; if you get found out, you'll be caned.

§ 4

Paul.—Caned! Caned! That is always what I am afraid of. That is always hanging over my head.

Jolland.—Not over your head! But no one is afraid of being caned.

Paul.—I am. Such a thing has never happened to me; and, at my time of life—I could not bear it!

Jolland.—I can't understand what has happened to you.

Paul.—Of course you can't. You're too young. If I could only tell my story to some grown-up person, like Dr. Grimstone. But I've tried.

Jolland.—What? Is there something else that you want to sneak about?

Paul.—No, no, no! What I have to tell is something about myself. It is about my home and family.

Jolland.—Oh, it's about your father and mother—well, if you can't make Grimstone understand, why not try Blinkorn? He's a kind old fellow, and he seems to like you.

Paul.—I *might* speak to Mr. Blinkorn. But when can I get a chance of doing so?

Jolland.—He'll be here soon. He usually comes and runs round the playground before football. (*Door A opens.*) There! I told you he would come. (*Mr. Blinkorn enters.*) Now's your chance.

Blinkorn.—Why haven't you two gone upstairs to put on your football clothes?

Jolland.—Bultitude isn't well, sir; he's allowed to stay in the house, and I've got a punishment to write for Grim.

Blinkorn.—"Grim?"—Jolland!

Jolland.—Sorry, sir; I mean Dr. Grimstone. I'll go and do it in the other room. I say, sir, I think Bultitude would like to speak to you about something. (*He goes out.*)

§ 5

Blinkorn (*putting his hand on Paul's shoulder*).—I have been expecting this for some time, Bultitude. I have been watching you closely. You are not the idle thoughtless boy who left here before the Christmas holidays.

Paul.—I am glad somebody has seen the difference, sir.

Blinkorn.—I noticed it on the first night of term.

Paul.—It would have been kinder if you had spoken about it before.

Blinkorn.—I should have. But I did not want to make you speak to me if you did not want to do so. I can understand that your present life is not quite a happy one.

Paul.—You are right, sir. It is not.

Blinkorn.—It is only natural that your companions should notice the change in your character and keep away from you.

Paul.—Keep away! I wish they would!

Blinkorn.—They may even be unkind to you.

Paul.—May be! They are, sir. Only last night I found two hairbrushes in my bed.

Blinkorn.—Stop! Nice boys do not complain. Believe me, Bultitude, you will forget all this in time.

Paul.—I can't bear this sort of life much longer!

Blinkorn.—You must be brave. You must wait. There is no reason why you should not be happy. You are young, and your schooldays are the happiest time of your life.

Paul.—Nonsense, sir, nonsense! I won't listen to such nonsense from you or anyone else.

Blinkorn.—Bultitude, you must not speak like that. You are not the same as you were.

Paul.—I don't need to be told that! I know it! I thought that you understood—but it's clear that you are not more sensible than the rest of them. You're just a fool.—I have no more to say to you.

Blinkorn (*going towards the door*).—Bultitude! This is too much! (*He goes out.*)

§ 6

Paul.—And I was going to tell my story to that fool! (*Enter Bill.*)

Bill.—I thought you might be here. I want to talk to you.

Paul.—I can't talk to you now, my child. Run away.

Bill.—You've been like that ever since you came back. I don't like you. I shall not speak to you any more.

Paul.—Oh, go away.

Bill.—But Dick, you were so nice to me last term. (*He goes and takes Paul's arm.*) I liked you better than any of the others! Please—please——

(*Paul pushes him away. He falls and his head hits a desk. Mr. Blinkorn, Tipping, and Biddlecomb come in just as this happens.*)

Blinkorn.—So now you are *bullying*!* I shall go to Dr. Grimstone and tell him about you. You must be punished. (*He goes out.*)

Tipping.—At last you've found someone that you are not afraid of. But you'll have to fight me.

Paul.—I don't wish to fight you or anyone else.

(*Biddlecomb is with Bill. Enter Chawner, Coker, Coggs, Kiffin, Jolland. Bill sits up.*)

Tipping.—You're afraid.

Paul.—Go away!

Tipping.—Go away yourself.

Paul (*going towards the window*).—Willingly.

Tipping.—You're afraid. Now will you come on and fight, or shall I hit you?

Kiffin (*dancing round*).—There's going to be a fight. There's going to be a fight.

Paul.—There is *not* going to be a fight.

Biddlecomb.—I say, Tipping, boys don't fight at the Public Schools.

Tipping.—This isn't a Public School.—(*To Paul.*) Come on!

* Bully=cause pain to a smaller boy in a school so as to amuse oneself.

Paul.—Will you please understand that I do not wish to fight you. Mine is a peace-loving nature.

Tipping.—Oh, is it? (*He runs at Paul. Paul hits him in the stomach.*)

§ 7

The Boys.—Oh! That was unfair.

Paul.—He came at me. I only hit him so as to save myself.

Tipping (*trying to breathe*).—I can't fight you if you won't fight fairly.

Chawner.—If this was a Public School they would make him *run the gauntlet.**

Biddlecomb.—Yes. We will. Come on, you fellows, take him outside. (*Coker and Coggs take Paul's arms and pull him out of the room through Door C.*)

Bill (*still sitting on the floor*).—Tipping! Go after them. I don't want them to hurt him.

Tipping.—Well, he has hurt me.

(*Enter Dr. Grimstone.*)

Grimstone.—Bill, my child, are you seriously hurt?—Tipping, go and find Bultitude and bring him to me.

Tipping.—Yes, sir.

(*Dr. Grimstone walks up and down the room angrily. Paul enters with Tipping.*)

Paul.—I understand that you wish to see me.

Grimstone.—Yes, I do. Tipping, take Bill to his room.—Yes, I do wish to see you, Bultitude. During the whole of this term you have given trouble to me, to the masters, to your school-fellows. You have told untruths; you have shown no respect to those set over you. You have given endless trouble to all. And now you have been found bullying a child half your own size, and you have done serious hurt to him. I do not understand you. I do not know what to do

* =run between two lines of boys who hit him as he passes.

with you. How can I find a punishment suitable for you ?

Paul.—Don't ask me, sir ! Do it—let it be finished quickly, whatever it is.

§ 8

Grimstone.—I doubt whether a caning is a serious enough punishment. You are such a bad example to the other boys that I think, perhaps, I should not allow you to stay in this school. (*Bill is seen at Door B.*)—I have decided that I shall not cane you. I shall *expel** you. I shall expel you publicly—before the whole school. (*Bill looks very sad. Paul looks very pleased.*)

Paul.—What, Dr. Grimstone ? Do you really mean it ? (*He tries to hide his happiness.*) Expel me ?

Grimstone.—It is useless to pray for forgiveness. I have decided ; it is fixed. I shall send you back to your home by an early train.—Chawner, call all the boys into this room and say that I have something serious to say to them. (*He goes out, Door B.*)

Bill.—Expelled ! Oh, Dick. I didn't think it would be as bad as that !

Paul.—Ah well, my child, I must bear it.

Bill (*going to Door B*).—You shall not be expelled. (*He knocks at the door.*) Father, may I come in ? (*He goes in. The boys come into the room and sit down at the desks.*)

Coker.—I say ! Why are we all called in like this ? Does anyone know ?

Coggs.—Chawner knows.

Tipping.—Tell us what it is.

Chawner.—You'll soon hear.

(*Mr. Tinkler enters and sits down. Jolland enters.*)

Jolland (*to Paul, who is standing in the middle of the room*).—

* Expel a boy from school=send a boy away from the school because he has done some serious wrong.

I've written my punishment.—(*He looks round.*)—What's the matter?

Paul.—It may—or may not—please you all to hear that you have been called to see me publicly expelled.

Boys.—Oh? That's it? Expelled?

Tipping.—Expelled, are you? That's good. I'm glad!

Paul.—So am I. I'm glad. I shall be very pleased to get out of this place—and away from you all.

Jolland.—Oh no! You won't be expelled.

Paul.—I shall. The Doctor said that he had decided it.

Jolland.—I know you won't be. Your father pays a hundred pounds a year, and the Doctor isn't going to lose that.

§ 9

(*Bill comes out Door B.*)

Bill (*going to Paul*).—It's all right, Dick. I begged him to forgive you and you won't be expelled.

Jolland.—Good! I told you so!

Paul.—What! I'm not to be expelled?

Bill.—No, only caned.

Paul.—Caned! Only caned! Oh, you fearful child! Oh, if you could understand what you have done!

Bill.—Is that all you say! You don't thank me! I wish I hadn't tried to help you!—Father is looking for his new cane, and I hope it will hurt!

Kiffin (*happily*).—There's going to be a caning! I've never seen a caning.

Jolland.—You shut up, you fool.

Tinkler.—Quiet, boys, quiet!

(*Door B opens and Dr. Grimstone enters. He has not got a cane. He goes to the window. There is silence. All the boys stand up.*)

Grimstone.—Sit down. (*The boys sit.*) Some of you may wonder why I have called you from the playground in this sudden and surprising way. There is one among you who knows the reason. There is among us one who is unworthy to be your schoolfellow. (*Looking*

at Paul.) Yes, Richard Bultitude, I speak of you! Stand there, sir; stand out in the middle of the room where your schoolfellows can see you. (*Paul goes into the middle of the room.*) Look at him as he stands before you in all the blackness of his heart.

Paul.—Dr. Grimstone, even at this late hour, I must ask——

Grimstone.—SILENCE SIR! I shall in a few minutes order you to go into my room where I shall give you your punishment. I hope that the pain (*Sound of a motor-car: Toot! Toot!*) the pain which I shall give to your body (*Toot! Toot!*) will fix the lesson upon your mind (*Toot! Toot!*) Really this noise—(*He looks out of the window.*) Oh!—Richard Bultitude if anything can give you shame it is what I have to tell you now. Your unhappy father has just arrived at my front door. (*He goes to Door A.*) Let no one move till I come back. (*He goes out.*)

§ 10

Chawner.—Your father has just got here in time, Dick. (*Some boys laugh.*)

Paul.—You need not be afraid. You will not lose your fun, you young animals.

Jolland.—There, you see. He isn't afraid.

Biddlecomb.—No. I don't think you ought to laugh.

Coker.—I'm sorry for you, Bultitude.

Coggs.—So am I. I really am.

Paul.—I didn't ask you to be sorry for me.

Grimstone's voice outside.—Come this way, my dear Mr. Bultitude. Not that door.

Dick's voice outside.—It's all right: I know: I only wanted to have a look at the old schoolroom.

(*Paul goes to the fireplace and leans against the wall. Dick enters, followed by Dr. Grimstone.*)

Grimstone.—You will find all the boys gathered here, as you see.

Dick.—Yes, I see. But I thought that to-day was a half holiday.

Why aren't they playing footer—I mean football?—I say! Is there some trouble?

Grimstone.—Well—I might say——

Dick.—Chawner has been sneaking again, that's what it is. (*Some boys laugh.*)

Grimstone.—Oh, so you know him?

Dick (*remembering*).—Oh, no, no. I've only heard about him.

Grimstone.—I have called the boys together for a reason which I will explain.—Boys, you may all go to the playground, all except Bultitude. (*They go out.*) Won't you take off your coat?

Dick.—Well, it is rather warm here.

§ 11

Grimstone.—And now, Richard Bultitude, with what shame do you meet your dear father.

(*Paul comes forward.*)

Dick.—I—I didn't see you before. Hullo. (*Paul puts his hand behind his back.*)

Grimstone.—Ah, I see that you are ashamed to take your father's hand. I am glad to see that you show some sense of shame.

Dick.—Why, what has he been doing?

Grimstone.—I am sorry to tell you that I was just going to give your son a caning.

Dick.—No!—I say you mustn't do that. I won't have him caned.

Grimstone.—But my dear sir, in your last letter you asked me to cane him.

Dick.—You're mistaken. I don't believe in caning. It never did me any good. You must forgive him this time.

Grimstone.—You ask me to forgive him?—I notice—a smell—a smell of sweets. This proves to you that your son has not any sense of shame. He is eating sweets!

Dick.—It's all right. It is not him. It's me.

Grimstone (*surprised*).—Really? H'm. (*He looks at his watch.*) I must say Good afternoon to you. Perhaps if you speak to him——

Dick.—Oh yes, I'll talk to him.

Grimstone.—Then, Richard, I will leave you to your father. And I hope that you will listen to his words! (*He goes out.*)

Paul (*very angry*).—And so you've come to look at me in my shame and unhappiness. Perhaps that pleases you. You like to see me in this state!

Dick.—It's lucky for you that I did come. I saved you from a caning.—Besides I wanted the boys to see my new motor-car.

§ 12

Paul.—Your new motor-car! Do you mean that you have bought a motor-car?

Dick.—No, I haven't bought it. I've got it to try. Uncle Duke says that he knows the man in the shop and he can get it for me cheaply.

Paul.—So that fellow Paradine is living with you, is he? I expected that.—How do you think I am to pay for a motor-car.

Dick.—Uncle Duke says that he knows lots of ways of getting money.

Paul.—I expect he does. Dick, has he been asking you to sign your name to things?

Dick.—Only once. And I didn't sign my name; I signed yours.

Paul.—You signed my name! What paper did you sign?

Dick.—I only signed a cheque.

Paul.—A cheque! Do you remember what the amount of the cheque was?

Dick.—No. I only remember that there were a lot of noughts on it. Why? Was it wrong? (*He sits on the table and kicks the leg.*)

Paul.—You can be put in prison for signing another person's name to a cheque.—Keep still or you'll drive me mad. —I should like to know how you have been managing my business in the office.

Dick.—I've had great fun playing cards with the door-man. He's a very nice fellow.

Paul.—You fool! I shall lose all my money, and all my friends—everything.

Dick.—Why do you worry? You aren't in the business now.

§ 13

Paul.—Do you think I can look on calmly while you play the fool and spoil my business? You're a fool. You show yourself a fool in everything you say. I'll tell the truth, and everyone will believe it when they see you.

Dick.—Stop, Father. If you want to get me into trouble, you can. But do you know what I shall do?

Paul.—I should like to know what you can do.

Dick.—Well, I've still got Uncle Duke's wishing-stone. (*He shows the stone at the end of his watch-chain.*) I shall give it to someone and tell him to wish this school and everyone in it thousands of miles away where you can't get back.

Paul.—Well, I won't tell. I was joking. I didn't mean it.

Dick.—Then it's peace?

Paul.—Will you promise not to give that stone to anyone without first asking me.

Dick.—Oh—all right. I'll promise that.

Paul.—Perhaps you had better let me have the stone; you might lose it.

Dick.—No; I'll keep it. I fixed it on the chain myself. I say, Father, I would like you to have a nice time. After this term I'll send you to Harrow or any Public School you choose. And next holidays I'll buy a horse for you.

Paul.—A horse. I'll take nothing from you.

§ 14

Dick.—I was going to give you a tip, but if you are so proud, I won't.

Paul.—Well, I am willing to take a tip. (*Angrily.*) It's my own money!

Dick.—All right! Don't get angry about it. (*He gives Paul some money,*) Here; take this, my boy.

Paul.—A pound! (*Jolland comes in.*)

Dick.—I would give you more but that is all I've got. Well, good-bye, I must go now. We've got a children's party at the house to-night and I promised Barbara that I would come home early. (*Seeing Jolland.*) Hullo, Jolland. Sorry I can't stop. Good-bye, dear fellow. (*He goes out.*)

Jolland.—What a strange man your father is.

Paul.—What has that to do with you, sir? Why have you come in here?

Jolland.—I was sent to get my hat.

Paul.—Well, get mine too. And my coat. Quick! I must go home at once!

Jolland.—Oh! So that's it! You're going to run away?

Paul.—Yes, I'm going to run away. I must.

Jolland.—Wait! (*He knocks at Door B; then he opens the door and looks in.*) No, he isn't there. (*He goes to Door A.*)

Paul.—What are you going to do now?

Jolland.—I'm going to see if Grim is anywh re near. (*He goes out.*)

§ 15

Paul.—He's going to tell the Doctor! I know he is. And then I shall be caned.

(*Enter Jolland carrying a coat and a hat.*)

Jolland.—It's all right. Grim has gone out. Here's your coat, and an old hat belonging to Tinkler. You won't be noticed if you wear this. (*He opens the window.*)

Paul (*putting on the coat and hat*).—Perhaps you are right. Why must I get out of the window?

Jolland.—Because Mrs. Grim is in the sitting-room and she would see you going out of the door. And this is the nearest way.

Paul.—The nearest way to the railway station?

Jolland.—If you go to the railway station you are sure to be caught. Grim will look for you there as soon as he knows that you've run away.

Paul.—But, if I don't take the train, how can I reach London?

Jolland.—Go to Uxbridge. There's a motor-bus from there to London.

Paul.—That is a very good idea, my boy. You are quite a sensible young man.

Jolland.—Oh, stop talking like that. Get out and go!

Paul (*going to the window*).—Is it far to the ground? Shall I fall far?

Jolland.—No, only a few feet. Be quick. The fellows will come in from football in a minute.

Paul.—Oh! Then I must go. (*He gets out of the window. There is the sound of a fall.*)

Jolland.—I say, have you hurt yourself?

Paul's voice.—No, not much. I think I fell on some flower-pots.

Jolland (*leaning out of the window*).—Oh, is that all? Now run! Run as fast as you can.—And good luck!

END OF ACT II.

ACT III

§ 1

(*Same as in Act I. Time, about* 7.30 *in the evening. There are children's hats and coats on the table. Rhoda, a maid, is in charge. Music and children's voices may be heard.*)

Boaler (*opening the door*).—Come this way, please. (*A nurse enters, leading two children, Cecily and Peter.*) Miss Barbara is upstairs ; I will tell her that you have come. (*He goes out.*)

Cecily (*looking at the other coats and hats*).—There ! I told you that we should be the last.

Nurse.—It was not my fault, Miss. The taxi didn't come in time.

(*Enter Barbara, followed by a maid, Ellen.*)

Barbara.—I'm so glad you've come. I had almost given up hope. But you aren't really late. The *conjurer* has only just begun.

Cecily.—We were surprised when we got your letter asking us to the party. I thought that your father did not like children's parties.

Barbara.—He didn't. But Father is much more sensible now.

Peter.—Is Dick here ?

Barbara.—No, Peter ; Dick is at school.

Cecily.—Couldn't he come home for the party ?

Barbara.—I wanted him to come, but Father thought that it wouldn't be good for him.—Shall we go upstairs now ? (*She gives a hand to each.*)

Cecily.—Oh, I'm excited. Let's be quick!

(*They go out. Rhoda and Ellen begin to lay the table for supper.*)

§ 2

Rhoda.—This is a surprise. I never expected to see a children's party in this house.

Ellen.—I didn't expect it. But Mr. Bultitude has been quite a different man during these last few days.

Rhoda.—Yes, he has been quite different ever since Master Dick went back to school. I've noticed it. (*Enter Boaler.*) Hullo, William, I thought that you were upstairs.

Boaler.—I have been upstairs. But I've seen enough. I believe that the master has gone mad.

Rhoda.—Don't say that. He may be rather strange, but he's much more pleasant.

Boaler.—Strange! He's mad. Yesterday Lady Pountney came and I brought her into the library, and there was the master sitting on the floor, playing with a little train just like a child.

Ellen.—It surprised me when I saw him running outside in the garden just like Mr. Dick.

Boaler.—It is not natural in a business man at his age. I think he's going mad. And the proof of it is the way in which he lets that fellow Paradine guide him.

Rhoda.—Mr. Paradine seems a nice gentleman.

Boaler.—He is not honest. I'm sure he isn't. (*The bell rings. Rhoda looks out of the window.*)

Rhoda.—That is Mr. Paradine. (*The bell rings again.*)

Boaler.—All right! All right! If that's you, Mr. Paradine, I shall come just as fast or as slowly as I please. (*He goes slowly to the door.*)

Rhoda.—Come along, Ellen, we must go and get the cakes. —I'm sorry that Boaler does not like Mr. Paradine. I think that he's a perfect gentleman. Any one can see that by his dress.

§ 3

(*Boaler opens the door and Paradine comes in. He is now very well dressed.*)

Paradine (*looking at the children's coats*).—So the children's party isn't finished yet.

Boaler (*in an angry voice*).—It has only just begun.

Paradine.—Bring me a cup of coffee.

(*Boaler goes out, moving slowly and looking very angry.*)

Paradine.—I hate children's parties. They fill up the whole place.

(*Boaler comes back with a cup of coffee.*)

Paradine.—Put it down there. (*He moves a child's coat off a chair and sits down.*) What time is dinner to-night?

Boaler.—There's no dinner to-night. There's a light supper for the children at half-past nine.

Paradine.—Oh!—Well, I want some dinner. When can I have it?

Boaler.—I have not been given any orders. But I think——

Paradine.—Well.

Boaler.—I think you might like to go to a restaurant.

Paradine.—Oh, so you are disrespectful!* Take care, my man, or I may complain to your master and you will lose your position.

Boaler.—You may complain if you like. I'm going to leave to-morrow. I have too much self-respect to stay in a place where the head of the house behaves as he is doing.

Paradine.—My good fellow, I am just as worried as you are about your master. I mean to talk to him seriously. Just tell him, will you, that I want to see him at once.

Boaler.—You can't. He's upstairs playing games with the children as if he was a child.

Paradine.—The old fool. He must be mad.

Boaler (*at the door*).—It will be lucky for you if he stays mad.

Paradine.—What do you mean?

* Not showing respect.

Boaler.—If he wasn't mad, he wouldn't have you here.

Paradine (*worried*).—I can't understand what's the matter with Paul. (*He takes out a cheque from his pocket.*) Why did he make a fool of me with this thing?

§ 4

(*Enter Dick.*)

Dick.—So you've come in, Duke. I wanted to find you. I've just done a foolish thing.

Paradine.—My dear Paul, you surprise me!

Dick.—I was playing with some of the conjurer's things and I broke something and he says that I must pay for it. It will cost fifteen shillings. Could you lend me the money?

Paradine.—How can I lend you the money? You had enough money when you went out this afternoon in the car.

Dick.—I've spent all that. And I've lent you lots of money.

Paradine.—I'm sorry that I can't help, but really, after the foolish thing which you did to me this afternoon——

Dick.—I don't know what you're talking about. If any one has been putting things in your bed, it wasn't me.

Paradine.—I'm talking of the cheque which you signed yesterday. It has come back from the bank: the signature is not right.

Dick.—Does that mean that I shall go to prison?

Paradine.—Prison? Don't be a fool. I saw you write it yourself. How can you be sent to prison for writing your own signature?

Dick.—No, of course.—Can you lend me that fifteen shillings?

Paradine.—Oh well, I may be able to let you have that, if you will trust me more than you have done.

Dick.—I'll do that, if you will only give me the money.

Paradine.—Well, here are two pounds. (*He gives Dick the money.*)

Dick.—I say—thanks so much!

§ 5

Paradine (*at the writing table*).—Wait! You must do something for me. (*He takes out a cheque book.*) Just sit down and write another cheque. Don't make a mistake this time!

Dick.—I can't write it better than the last one.

Paradine.—Can't write it better than this! (*He takes a cheque from his pocket.*) Why, look at it! Any schoolboy would be ashamed of this.

Dick.—Well, I'm not ashamed of it. And I don't see why you should get so angry about it.

Paradine.—Oh, don't you? How do you think I'm to get enough money for you to live on if you can't write well enough to satisfy your banker? Can't you see what a difficult position you put me in? Why, the banker might think that I had been trying to use your cheques.

Dick.—Well, what can I do? I'm in a difficult position, too.

Paradine.—You must be more careful. You have only to write your usual signature. (*He takes some more papers out of his pocket.*) You might sign these other papers at the same time.

Dick.—I haven't got time now. I must get back to the party.

Paradine.—That party!—You must sign these things if I am to do this business for you. As a business man you know that I must have your signature. So do please sit down and sign the papers. Be a sensible fellow.

Dick —I'm not going to "swot" now. I want to go back to the party.

Paradine.—Come, come, you must not behave like a child. It won't take you a minute. But these papers must be signed now.

Dick.—You seem to think that I'm still at school. I'm not, you know. I've left school.

Paradine.—Can't you understand that I'm only trying to help you.

Dick.—No, I can't. I believe that you are trying to get me into trouble. You're worse than old Grim.—If I can't write any better than a schoolboy, it's no use trying to write better.

Paradine.—But, my dear fellow, all I ask——

Dick.—I've had enough! I won't be ordered about. (*He goes out.*)

§ 6

Paradine.—No, it's no use doing anything now. I can't manage him to-day. He's in a bad temper. (*He sits down comfortably and is just going to drink the coffee.*) He's nearly as bad as he used to be. But he'll be better soon. (*The door opens quickly and Paul comes in. He is still wearing the hat and coat given to him by Jolland.*)

Paul.—You seem to be making yourself quite comfortable in my house.

Paradine (*jumping up and putting down the cup of coffee*).—What! —Why! Who are you?

Paul (*taking off the hat*).—You ought to know me.

Paradine.—Why yes, my boy. I hope you are well and happy.

Paul.—Do I look happy?

Paradine.—Are you in trouble? Ought you not to be at school?

Paul.—No, I ought not to be at school. School is just where I ought not to be.

Paradine.—Oh! Oh! Have you been expelled?

Paul.—No. I didn't wait for that.

Paradine.—So you have run away, have you?

Paul.—I should have come home long ago, but I had no money until this afternoon, when I was given a pound.

Paradine.—Well, that was more than enough to pay for your ticket. I hope you remembered to take a return ticket.

Paul.—I did not come by train. I ran to Uxbridge and got a bus there. Running—at my age! (*He sees the cup of coffee and drinks it.*) Ah! I feel better after that.

§ 7

Paradine.—Thank you for drinking my coffee!—Have you come all this way from school for a cup of coffee?

Paul.—No; I've come to stay.

Paradine.—Ah! For how long? I suppose your schoolmaster may take some interest in your movements. He will be following you by now.

Paul.—He will lose some time looking for me at the railway station. But he will probably be here some time in the course of the evening. If he finds me before I can make things right again I shall be in a worse position than before.

Paradine.—I'm sorry for you. But he is sure to catch you. I advise you to go and tell your dear father all about it and ask him to forgive you.

Paul.—"My dear father."—Is that another of your jokes, or is it possible that you do not know who I really am?

Paradine.—If you are not Richard Bultitude, I have no idea who you are.

Paul.—Then you think that I'm Dick.—But I am not. I am not. I am Paul—your sister's husband.

Paradine.—Tell me, do you get any time for play at your school? Have you been finding your work too hard?

Paul.—I ask you—do I speak like a schoolboy? Do I behave like a schoolboy?

Paradine.—I really don't know. But I hope other schoolboys don't behave like you. If they do, I'm sorry for the schoolmasters.

§ 8

Paul.—Ah, you are quite pleased with yourself now, but you weren't quite so happy seven years ago when you asked me to help you out of serious trouble.

Paradine.—How did you hear about that?—Did your father tell you about it?

Paul.—No. You did. In this room. Have you forgotten that you promised to be honest in the future if I would give you one more chance. Shall I tell you how you broke that promise? I will, if you want me to.

Paradine.—No, thank you. You need not do that. It is very strange. I can't understand it. But I believe you really are Paul. But what I want to know is this—if you are Paul, why do you look so much like Dick?

Paul.—It was that wishing-stone. I said that I wished I was a schoolboy again; I was only talking. I said that I wished that he and I could change places. I was holding the stone at the time—and the stone did it. It gave me my wish.

Paradine.—And then Dick sent you off to school in his place? Ha! ha! ha!

Paul.—You may laugh. But this is a serious matter.

Paradine.—I know it is. Very serious. Ha! ha! ha! You must forgive me for smiling, but ha! ha! ha! I really am sorry for you. What a bad time you must have had at school. Ha! ha! ha!—Fearful! Ha! ha! ha!

Paul.—It will be even worse if I'm caught here as I shall be, and taken back to school and caned.

Paradine.—Caned. Ha! ha! ha! Forgive me! I am sorry for you really, but I don't see just how I can help you.

Paul.—You alone can get the stone from that foolish boy.

Paradine.—Could I? I'm not sure if I could.

Paul.—He would give it to you. He seems to trust you.

§ 9

Paradine.—Yes. He trusts me more than you do. He is going to lend me a lot of money to start a business. I don't think you would have trusted me as much as that.

Paul.—No, I would not! But why do you talk about that now?

Paradine.—Why? I only want to show you that I shall be

helping you at a great cost. And, if I do get the stone, what shall I do next?

Paul.—Why! Make us ourselves again.—You haven't used up your wish? You haven't, have you?

Paradine.—No, not yet, luckily. I understand the idea now. And if I agree to do this, what will you do for me?

Paul.—I shall be willing to do anything that I think right.

Paradine.—Of course. Anything you think right. And, if I may ask the question plainly, just how much do you think to be right?

Paul.—I will not say any fixed amount. I will give you enough money to start an honest business in some other country.

Paradine.—That is very kind of you. Thank you, Paul. I will do my best.

Paul.—Do so, and I will do my best for you if you succeed. (*Dick's voice is heard singing.*)

Paradine.—Quick. Get out of here!

Paul (*going to the window curtains*).—I'll hide here.

Paradine.—No! I can't have you in the room. It's too dangerous.

Paul.—But where shall I go?

Paradine.—Into the kitchen. Anywhere, but get out!

Dick (*outside*).—I say, Duke, are you there?

(*Paradine quickly pushes Paul out of the room then sits down in the chair.*)

§ 10

Paradine (*as if waking up*).—Who's that? Is someone calling me?

(*Dick comes in. He is wearing a paper cap.*)

Dick.—It's only me, Duke. I say, have you been asleep?

Paradine.—I think I may have fallen asleep for a few minutes.

Dick.—I thought I heard you talking to someone.

Paradine.—Really? I didn't know that I talked in my sleep. Well, what do you want?

Dick.—I wanted to say that I'm sorry for being so nasty to you just now.

(*Paul opens the door and looks in; then he quickly goes to the window and hides himself behind the curtains.*)

Paradine.—Oh, that's all right. Say no more about it. Won't you sit down?

Dick.—You're sure you aren't angry. Shake hands?

Paradine.—All right. (*They shake hands.*) I want a talk with you. Sit down.

Dick.—You won't be long? They are having games upstairs.

Paradine.—You and I will have our little game down here—young Dick.

Dick.—"Dick?" "Young Dick?" What do you mean? Why do you call me young Dick.

Paradine.—Because I know that your name is Richard.

Dick.—I say! I believe you have guessed.

Paradine.—I guessed quite easily.

Dick.—If you have guessed, everyone can!

Paradine.—Everyone has not such sharp eyes as mine. Really you've changed your looks wonderfully well. I should like to know how you did it.

Dick.—As you are so clever, you can find out!

§ 11

Paradine.—Well, I'll try. Ah, I know; you've been using that wishing-stone.

Dick.—Father used it first. All I did was to wish that he would go back to school quietly.

Paradine.—And he went. That must be a wonderful stone. May I look at it? (*Paul is looking out from the curtains; he smiles.*)

Dick.—No. Do you think I'm a fool. (*Paul looks angry.*)

Paradine.—Why, it's of no use to you. As I gave it to you, you ought to let me have it for a minute.

Dick.—Well, I won't. You gave it to me, and I'll keep it.

Paradine.—I can tell you this—you will find me a useful friend, but a very unpleasant enemy. Just think before you answer.

Dick.—What do you mean?—enemy?

Paradine.—If I told people what I know, you would be in a difficult position.

Dick.—You wouldn't do that!

Paradine.—If I felt that it was the right thing to do, I would.

Dick.—You're talking just like Chawner.

Paradine.—Am I? I have not met Mr. Chawner. As an honest man I cannot allow this. I love and respect Paul Bultitude, and I cannot allow him to be kept out of his home, his rights——

Dick.—If you are going to sneak, don't talk so much. Do it, and finish it.

Paradine.—I ought to. But perhaps I am sometimes not quite so honest as I would wish to be.

Dick.—Oh, shut up! Are you going to sneak, or aren't you?

Paradine.—If you could only stop doing foolish things no one would guess who you are. No one would know, unless I told them.

Dick.—Well, are you going to tell them, or not?

Paradine.—I shall not—if only you will be guided by me. I'll teach you to be as good a business man as your father was, and much more sensible in other ways. And we can send him to a school in some foreign country.

Dick.—I couldn't do that. I promised that I would send him to Harrow next term.

Paradine.—Well, you can decide that yourself, as a father. (*He smiles.*) I will help you if you will do one thing.

Dick.—What?

Paradine.—Will you let me take care of that stone? (*Dick stands up. Paul quickly hides in the curtains. Dick puts his hand in his pocket.*)

Paradine.—Ah, I thought that you had got it here. Give it to me.

Dick.—I can't. I promised not to give it to anyone.

§ 12

(*Dick takes all the things out of his pocket, and puts them on the table.*)

Paradine.—Whom did you promise ?

Dick (*bringing out more things from his pockets*).—I promised Father—this afternoon.

Paradine.—You young fool. Do I understand that you will not give it to me ?

Dick (*feeling in his pockets trying to find the stone*).—I—I can't give it to you now.

Paradine.—All right. Then I shall call the servants and tell them who you are.

Dick (*still trying to find the stone*).—No, no ! Wait a minute.

Paradine.—I shall not wait much longer.

Paul (*coming out from the curtains*).—Stop ! Don't give it to him. You shall not give it him ! Do you hear me, Dick ?

Dick.—It's Father !

Paradine (*very angry*).—So you've been listening ! Didn't I tell you to go away and leave him to me ?

Paul.—I will not leave him to you. I can't trust you. Don't you trust him, Dick. Listen to me. If you knew what happened to me at Dr. Grimstone's among all those boys, you would be sorry for me, you would really. You can't let me go back there to be caned. If I haven't been a good father to you, I've been punished enough already. Be a kind boy, Dick, give me the stone. Don't give it to him. I promise you that you will never be sorry for what you've done.

§ 13

Dick (*still feeling in his pockets*).—I will, Father. I will, as soon as I can find it.

Paul.—Isn't it on my watch-chain—your watch-chain ?

Dick.—It fell off the watch-chain and I found it in one of my pockets. And now I—I think it's lost !

Paul.—Lost ! When did you see it last ?

Paradine.—Lost ? Where ?

Dick.—I don't remember. Perhaps it fell off in the motor-car coming home.

Paul.—I said that it wasn't safe.

Paradine.—Careless fool.

(*There is knocking at the front door and the bell rings.*)

Paul (*afraid*).—Who's that? (*To Paradine.*) You go and look.

Paradine (*looking out of the window*).—I see a tall man with a grey hat and a long coat.

Paul.—It's Dr. Grimstone!

Dick.—Oh!—It's Grim!

Paradine.—Ha! ha! That's a nice little surprise for you, isn't it? But, my dear Paul, you will be able to explain the position to him quite easily.

Paul.—Explain! I can't explain anything to him. There is no hope of that.

Paradine (*looking out of the window*).—He's coming in! Dick, my boy, would you like to see the Doctor and tell him everything?

Dick.—See him! NO!

Paradine (*to Paul*).—Well, I must see him myself. (*He goes to the door.*) Don't you worry. I'll manage him. (*He goes out.*)

Paul.—I must find that stone before he finds me. (*He goes down on his hands and knees and looks for the stone on the floor.*) Dick! Do you think that the stone fell here?

Dick.—Perhaps. Or else upstairs. (*He goes to the window.*) I advise you to hide, Father, I'm going to. (*He hides behind the curtains.*)

§ 14

Paul (*still looking for the stone*).—I'm so afraid that Paradine may find it. Ah! is that it? No—it's only a bit of paper. (*Standing up.*) It isn't here. (*He goes towards the door.*) I'll go and look upstairs.

(*Enter Bill.*)

Bill.—Dick!

Paul (*turning*).—Oh! you!—You need not tell your father that you have seen me. (*He goes towards the door.*)

Dick (*looking out from the curtains.*)—It's Bill!

Bill (*to Paul*).—Father knows that you are here. Mr. Paradine told him.

Paul.—Oh, did he?

Bill.—Yes; he's a sneak. (*Going towards Paul.*) Don't run away. I asked Father to bring me because I wanted to be friends with you again.

Dick.—Of course we're friends, Bill.

Bill.—Why! It's Mr. Bultitude.—Please don't be angry with Dick. Please don't punish him.

Dick.—I won't punish him.

Bill (*putting his hand in his pocket*).—Oh, I found this green stone after you had gone away. Is it yours?

Paul (*running towards him*).—Keep it in your hand, my boy. Don't ask any questions; there is no time to waste. Just say this after me: "I wish Dick and his father were their right selves again."

Bill (*standing between Paul and Dick*).—All right. I wish Dick and his father were their right selves again.

(*There is a noise and the lights go out. Then they come on again. Mr. Bultitude is now standing where Paul was. Dick is now standing on the other side of Bill.*)

§ 15

Bill.—What have I done? What has happened? (*To Dick.*) Hullo! I thought that you were on the other side of me.

Paul.—Thank you, thank you, my boy, you have done the greatest thing for me that anyone could do. And now you may give me that stone. (*He takes the stone.*)

Paradine's voice (*outside in the hall*).—No,—this way Dr. Grimstone, please.

Paul (*to Dick*).—Run away and get your clothes brushed.

Dick.—I'll go and find Barbara. Come along, Bill. (*He takes Bill's hand and they go out. The other door opens and Dr. Grimstone enters, followed by Paradine.*)

Grimstone.—My dear Mr. Bultitude, I believe you already know the sad reason for my coming.

Paul (*shaking hands*).—Yes, Dr. Grimstone, I know it. Won't you sit down? (*Paradine looks behind the curtains expecting to find Paul there.*)

Grimstone.—Thank you. I cannot understand why your foolish boy ran away from my school.

Paul.—It does seem strange. But I hope that, after he has gone back, he will give no more trouble.

Paradine.—I think, my dear Paul, that we may trust Dr. Grimstone to make sure that he has no more trouble. (*In a low voice, thinking that Mr. Bultitude is still Dick.*) Very good! You are doing it very well.

§ 16

Grimstone (*looking round the room*).—Mr. Paradine told me that the boy was here.

Paradine.—He was, I don't see him here now. (*Turning to the window.*) Come out! It's no use hiding. Perhaps he's in the other room. (*He goes to the door. To Mr. Bultitude in a low voice.*) Good! Go on like this and you'll be perfectly safe. (*He goes out.*)

Grimstone.—Mr. Paradine is a very pleasant man, is he not?

Paul.—I am sorry, Dr. Grimstone, but I cannot agree with you.

Grimstone.—Oh? Really? Of course I did not know——

Paul (*going to the fire*).—Of course not. But I need not tell you about my family troubles. (*He looks at the stone and then at the fire.*)

Dick's voice (*outside*).—All right! I'll come. You need not pull me like that!

Paradine.—I've got you and you shall not escape this time.

Paradine's voice.—Here he is, Doctor. (*Paradine comes in, pulling Dick after him.*) I've caught him! I expect Mr. Bultitude will be glad to see him taken away as soon as possible. Isn't that so, Paul?

Paul.—I shall be pleased if you will keep out of my family business. Take your hands off my boy!

(*Paradine looks surprised. He takes his hand off Dick's arm. Dick goes to Bill and Barbara.*)

Paradine (*to Mr. Bultitude in a quiet voice*).—What's the matter with you? Oh—so you did find the stone! I understand.

Paul.—I did. I am myself again. (*He rings the bell.*)

§ 17

Paradine.—Well! Well! I'm very pleased to hear you say that, my dear Paul. As you won't be needing my stone any more, perhaps you will give it to me.

Paul.—I shall take care that it does no more harm. (*He throws the stone into the fire. There is a loud noise.*)

Paradine (*in a low voice, very angry*).—Selfish fool!

Grimstone.—A small piece of stone must have got into your coal.

Paul.—Yes; it seems so.

Grimstone.—It might have been very dangerous. You have had a lucky escape.

Paul.—I agree with you, Dr. Grimstone. (*Enter Boaler.*)

Boaler.—Did you ring, sir?

Paul.—Yes. Mr. Paradine is leaving the house at once.

Boaler (*very pleased*).—Yes, sir.

Paradine.—At once? That's rather sudden, isn't it, Paul?

Paul.—Boaler will pack your clothes and send them after you. Will you please do that, Boaler?

Boaler.—Yes, sir. With pleasure.

Paradine.—I wish I could make you understand, Paul, that I've only been trying to help you all the time.

Paul.—You will not get your wish.

Paradine.—I understand. Well, good-bye, Barbara. (*She turns away angrily.*) Well, Dick, you'll have to go back to school after all. Bad luck! (*Dick does not answer.*) You said, Paul, that you would help me to start a business in some foreign country. I think you might still like to do that.

Paul.—Yes, perhaps I would. You may come to my office to-morrow. (*He goes out. Boaler follows.*)

Grimstone.—And now, Richard, I should like to know what you have got to say for yourself.

Paul.—If I forgive Dick, you can, Dr. Grimstone.

Grimstone.—Well—if you ask me to forgive him——

Paul.—I hope, Dr. Grimstone, that you will stay to supper. Just a little cold meat and a cup of coffee.

Grimstone.—I shall be very pleased.

§ 18

(*Music is heard.*)

Paul.—Ah, they are dancing. Dr. Grimstone, you will join the dance, won't you. You shall dance with my daughter, Barbara.

Grimstone.—I do not dance very well, but—— (*He offers his arm to Barbara.*)

Barbara.—I'll teach you. (*Dr. Grimstone and Barbara go out. Bill follows them.*)

Paul.—Dick, there is something which I want to say to you before you join the party.

Dick.—Yes, Father?

Paul.—When you get back to school you must expect some trouble. There is a very large and—er—dangerous boy named Tipping.

Dick.—Tipping! If he says anything to me I'll fight him and knock his head off.

Paul (*very pleased*).—Will you do that? Yes, knock his head off. Do, please. Now—a tip. I must give you a tip. (*He puts his hand in his pocket.*) That is, if I have any money. You must have some money to take back to school. (*He finds the two pounds which Paradine gave.*) Two pounds. Good. Here is one pound for you, and the other is for that boy Jolland.

Dick (*putting the money in his pocket*).—Thanks, Father. Thanks so much! I say, Father. (*He puts his arms round his father.*) I say, you've been very nice to me, and I'll never forget it. I promise you I won't! (*Mr. Bultitude puts his hand on Dick's shoulder. Music is heard.*)

Dick.—They have begun dancing. Come on, Father. (*He pulls Mr. Bultitude out, both dancing to the music.*)

THE END

QUESTIONS

ACT 1. SCENE 1.

§ 1.
1. Where did Boaler see Dick?
2. What was Dick eating?
3. Why is Barbara sorry?

§ 2.
1. When is the taxi coming?
2. Who talks nonsense?
3. How long will the school term be?
4. What did Barbara turn off?

§ 3.
1. How much more holiday did Dick get? (More than usual.)
2. What is there going to be at the school?
3. How much has Dick to pay to Coker?
4. Where did Dick want to keep the mice?

§ 4.
1. Dick will take lots of . . . (what?) . . . to school?
2. What is the name of the headmaster's son?
3. Who is Tipping?

§ 5.
1. To what country did Paradine go?
2. Who was Mrs. Bultitude's brother?
3. When will Mr. Paul Bultitude come in?

M. P. = Marmaduke Paradine.

§ 6.
1. What is on the end of the watch-chain?
2. Who gave the stone to M. P.?
3. How many wishes does the stone give?

P. B. = Paul Bultitude.

§ 7.
1. Did P. B. wish to see M. P. again?
2. Where will Barbara take M. P.?
3. Who is crying?

§ 8.
1. What does M. P. give to Dick?
2. Who takes the stone from Dick?

Dr. G. = Dr. Grimstone.

§ 9. 1. What is Dick eating?
2. Dr. G. says that Dick is . . . *a* . . . but . . . *b* . . .
3. What must Dr. G. use if Dick gives trouble?

§ 10. 1. For what does Dick ask?
2. Who gave one pound at Christmas?
3. How much money does P. B. give?
4. What does P. B. take from the table?

§ 11. 1. When does Dick want to leave the school?
2. What is Harrow?
3. What are the "happiest times of a man's life"?

§ 12. 1. Dick says P. B. would not like to—do what?
2. What does P. B. wish?
3. What has Dick become?
4. What has P. B. become?

§ 13. 1. What caused the change?
2. Why is not P.B.'s second wish successful?
3. When does Dick want to call?

§ 14. 1. What will P. B. do if Dick wishes?—Send him . . .
2. What won't Dick do?
3. Who is the boy now—Dick or Paul?

§ 15. 1. Who looks surprised?
2. To what is P. B. going back?—"the . . . of your. . . ."
3. What does not Dick remember?
4. What does Dick wish?

§ 16. 1. What will show Dr. G. that P. B. is different?
2. What does Dick begin to do?

§ 17. 1. What does M. P. ask Dick to do?
2. What does M. P. leave?
3. Where will they go to-night?
4. Where will M. P. live?

ACT I. SCENE 2.

§ 1.
1. How long will the next holidays be?
2. What letter cannot Kiffin say?
3. Who hits Kiffin?

§ 2.
1. What will Tipping do to Coggs?
2. Who knocked Tipping down?
3. Which boy does Jolland hate?

§ 3.
1. How old is Bill?
2. Who is bringing something to Coker?

§ 4.
1. What did Jolland cut in the desk?
2. Who smoked cigarettes?
3. Who is seen at Door A?

§ 5.
1. What does not Tipping understand?
2. What must one of the boys tell Dr. G.?
3. Who is just coming?
4. What has Bultitude been doing?

§ 6.
1. What is Kiffin's father?
2. What may cause pain to a loving father?
3. What is not pleasant in a house?

§ 7.
1. To what play did Dr. G. go?
2. Dr. G. thinks that P. B. is amusing himself by—doing what?
3. Where is supper?

§ 8.
1. What does P. B. want for supper?
2. In what does P. B. take too much interest?
3. What will the boys get for supper?
4. What was a boy caned for doing?

§ 9.
1. What will the railway ticket cost?
2. Who will fight P. B.?
3. What does P. B. ask Tipping?

C. & C. = Coker and Coggs.

§ 10.
1. What is P. B. giving?
2. When will Coker and Coggs let P. B. go?

3. What do C. & C. do to P. B. ?
4. Where is P. B.'s box ?

§ 11. 1. How much money did Coker give to P. B. ?
2. How much money did Coggs give to P. B. ?
3. What will Mr. Blinkorn do if P. B. does not pay his debts ?

§ 12. 1. Where must the boys go now ?
2. What does P. B. say about Coggs ?
3. What did Coker do to P. B. ?

§ 13. 1. How many times must Coker write the sentence ?
2. What does P. B. tell Kiffin to do quietly ?
3. What will all bring into the room ?

§ 14. 1. What was Dr. G. going to tell Mr. B. ?
2. Where do they all put the sweets ?
3. What does the word " sneak " mean ?

§ 15. 1. What will the boys do to P. B. ?—Throw . . .
2. What does Tipping see in P. B.'s box ?
3. Where does Biddlecomb sit ?

§ 16. 1. What has Tipping done for P. B. ?
2. At what does P. B. seem too pleased ?
3. What makes P. B. ill ?

§ 17. 1. In what number room is P. B. ?
2. P. B. has come back with a very strange—what ?
3. P. B. says, " You have an office ? " What else has Dr. G. ?

ACT II

§ 1. 1. What is the time by the clock ?
2. Where did Jolland put the meat ?
3. What is a " leader in games and amusements " called ?

§ 2. 1. Why was Tinkler unable to play for the University ?
2. Why is P. B. no use at football this term ?
3. What does " Shut up " mean ?
4. Why cannot Jolland play football ?

§ 3. 1. What has Dr. G. allowed P. B. to do?
2. Where has P. B. a pain?
3. What does P. B. do in his work?

§ 4. 1. Of what is P. B. always afraid?
2. What does Mr. Blinkorn usually do before football?

§ 5. 1. When did Mr. Blinkorn notice the difference in P. B.?
2. What does P. B. wish his companions would do?
3. What did P. B. find in his bed?
4. What does P. B. call Mr. Blinkorn?

§ 6. 1. What does Bill's head hit?
2. What does "bully" mean?
3. Where does Paul hit Tipping?

§ 7. 1. Who takes Paul out of the room?
2. Who brings Paul back into the room?
3. Dr. G. says, "How can I find . . . ?"—What?

§ 8. 1. What does "expel" mean?
2. What does Dr. G. tell Chawner to do?
3. What is not Dr. G. going to lose by expelling P. B.?

§ 9. 1. What did Bill beg Dr. G. to do?
2. For what is Dr. G. looking?
3. What noise does Dr. G. hear?

§ 10. 1. What did Dick want to look at?
2. What does Dick say about Chawner?

§ 11. 1. Does Paul shake hands with Dick?
2. Dick says "You must not do that"—Do what?
3. Who is eating sweets?
4. What did Dick want the boys to see?

§ 12. 1. Who can get the motor-car cheaply?
2. On what did Dick sign his name?
3. With whom has Dick played cards?

§ 13. 1. What has Dick still got?
2. What will Dick tell someone to wish?
3. What will Dick buy for Paul?

§ 14. 1. How much money does Dick give to Paul?
2. What is there at the house to-night?
3. What does Paul ask Jolland to get?

§ 15. 1. Whose hat does Jolland bring?
2. Who would see P. B. from the sitting-room?
3. Onto what did P. B. fall?

ACT III

§ 1. 1. What is the time?
2. Who has only just begun?
3. What do Rose and Ellen begin to do?

§ 2. 1. What does Boaler believe about the Master?
2. By whom is Mr. Bultitude guided?

M. P. = Marmaduke Paradine.

§ 3. 1. What does M. P. ask Boaler to bring?
2. At what time is the children's supper?
3. What will Boaler do to-morrow?
4. What is Mr. Bultitude doing?

§ 4. 1. What has Dick broken?
2. How much will this thing cost?
3. Why has the cheque come back from the bank?
4. How much money does M. P. give to Dick?

§ 5. 1. What must Dick write?
2. Why has not Dick got time?

§ 6. 1. What hat is Paul wearing?
2. M. P. says, "I hope you remembered to . . ."—Do what?
3. What does P. B. drink?

§ 7. 1. Who will be following P. B.?
2. What does M. P. hope?

§ 8. 1. How many years ago did M. P. ask P. B. to help him?
2. What did M. P. promise?
3. M. P. says, "You must forgive me for . . ."—For doing what?
4. How can M. P. help P. B.?

§ 9. 1. What is Dick going to do for M. P. ?
2. What will P. B. give to M. P. ?
3. Where does M. P. push Paul ?

§ 10. 1. What is Dick wearing ?
2. Where does P. B. hide ?
3. What does M. P. call Dick ?

§ 11. 1. What does M. P. ask to look at ?
2. What will M. P. tell people ?
3. Where will M. P. send P. B. to school ?
4. What has Dick promised ?

§ 12. 1. Where does Dick try to find the stone ?
2. What does P. B. tell Dick not to do ?
3. What does P. B. ask Dick to do ?

§ 13. 1. Where is the stone ?
2. What colour is Dr. Grimstone's hat ?
3. Who will see Dr. G. ?
4. Where does Dick hide ?

§ 14. 1. Why did Bill ask Dr. G. to bring him ?
2. What did Bill find ?
3. What does Bill wish ?

§ 15. 1. Whom will Dick find ?
2. Where does M. P. look ?
3. Whom does he expect to see there ?

§ 16. 1. What does Dr. G. say about M. P. ?
2. Does P. B. agree with this ?
3. Who brings Dick into the room ?

§ 17. 1. Where does P. B. throw the stone ?
2. Who is leaving the house at once ?
3. What will Dr. G. have for supper ?

§ 18. 1. With whom will Dr. G. dance ?
2. Whom does P. B. ask Dick to fight ?
3. For whom is the other pound ?—Tipping ? Jolland ?
4. What are P. B. and Dick doing as they go out ?

LONGMANS